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IS HELL A MYTH?

RECENT EFFORTS TO UPSET A UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED TRUTH.

ONE evening, recently, a distinguished Brooklyn divine sat in his study, revolving in his mind the subject of his sermon for the following Sunday. He seemed to be upon the ragged edge of despair, for he repeatedly thrust his hands through his gray and thinning locks, and glowered severely at a sheet of foolscap, on which he intended to note down his religious lucubrations.

"That was a tremendous fall in the sale and rental of my pews," he muttered, "and there's that infernal mortgage to be paid out of a reduced salary. I feel more and more like stepping down and out. Nothing can exceed the great darkness in which I live. I even wish that I were dead."

So saying, he turned on the gas, in doing which, a spark fell upon his hand.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said he, in a calmer voice, and glancing nervously around, "yes, *hell* shall be my subject."

He reached over to take up a Scriptural Concordance, and flanked by Kitto's Family Bible and Buck's

Theological Dictionary, he prepared to compose his discourse.

"Hell," he soliloquized, turning over the pages, "seems to have more texts and illustrations than any other theme. Dear me! Eternity of hell. State of the reprobate. Conclusive proofs for endless punishment. The Christian Fathers unanimous upon the subject. Defined by several councils. Dear me! This will never do for my righteous flock. An unpalatable theme like this must be sweetened for my babes in Christ. The consequences of a fire and brimstone discourse are too terrible to contemplate. My lambs would take fright. Sweet lambs," he murmured, as a pensive smile irradiated his rather bucolic countenance, "I must say nought to dim their joyousness or check their playfulness."

At this point a servant announced the visit of a ladies' committee on neckties for the heathen. A sweet-faced lady wished to have a difficulty solved resulting from the present style of cravats as utterly useless for missionary purposes, and she begged the divine to introduce into his

Friday evening talk a denunciation of piccadilly collars as threatening serious injury to the Christian cause. This interruption, shedding as it did the gentle influence of feminine sympathy and companionship upon his severe study, put our theologian into better humor, and such is the effect of apparently trivial causes upon our spiritual being that it considerably modified the rather harsh views which he had been inclined to take upon the subject of the endless torments of the lost.

"What shall be my text?" he queried, glancing dubiously at the frightfully plain language of most of the citations given in the Concordance. "Paul," he added, "has the admirable advantage of being obscure. Here, for example, is Ephesians 1: 9, 10.

"'Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in him.'

"Here the apostle is talking about Christ as the head of the Church, but as there happens to be no church in particular, I can weave from the text a beautiful allegory about 'gathering in,' or the ultimate salvation of all believers."

As our non-clerical readers cannot be presumed to know how a great preacher prepares his discourse, we subjoin a synopsis and analysis of the Brooklyn divine's sermon. Any one who has the courage to read it *in extenso* will find it in the New York *Christian Union*, for December 26th, 1877. Subject: Is there a hell?

1. Talk about mystery, in a mysterious manner. Abysses, etc. Paul is impassioned. Great unknown.

2. Divine justice. We can't understand it. Illustrate this idea by the following little story: "I am going to take you to your grand-

father's, and you are going to see a magnificent horse, only that it is not like any horse you ever saw. It has no eyes, no ears, no mouth, no legs, no mane, no tail, no skin, no bones, but it is a horse!" Yet, etc., etc. Would God be just to talk thus to us? And will he treat us so? Oh, no! no! (Handkerchief.)

3. "Gather all in Christ." Bring in old farmer gathering. (This is a little stale, but has good effect on agriculturists.)

4. Swedenborg. A man dead, and didn't know it.

5. "I believe in the Trinity!" (Good effect on orthodox.) Why do I believe in the Trinity? I DON'T KNOW. (Spread.)

6. What is time? Same answer. Another story—Lamb and wolf. Wolf don't explain to lamb. God don't explain to us.

7. What is the grand law of the universe? Suffering. God don't want us to suffer. (Hard to prove, but spread.) He would rather suffer than let us suffer.

8. Hit slumbering ministers. Indefiniteness of Scripture. Infinite benevolence. All fatherliness. Over-soul. Christ love, etc. Anecdote—When I was a boy fond of johnny-cake, such as they make in New England, etc.

9. Shall we all go to heaven? I don't know. (More mystery, *tears*, if possible, loved ones, children.) I throw myself, etc. Zion. Angelic bugles.

10. But to come to the subject, etc. Love, love, love! Oh, the loveliness of the gospel! Away with hell! Cruel thought. (Spread.)

Hymn 1789, Plymouth collection, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

If there is any serious-minded man who would frame his ideas of a future state of punishment and retribution from such a chaotic jumble of absurdities as the foregoing, we have only to say that he would take risks which would not satisfy any fire in-

insurance company in the land, no matter how reckless it might be. Yet, we submit, this analysis of a sermon of Mr. Ward Beecher, which has been extensively circulated, is as clear and as fair as his treatment of the great theme. We never believed that Beecher had any theological culture, not to speak of exact theological views. But we credited him with fairness in presenting such a fundamental verity of the Christian religion, and, in fact, of all religion, natural and revealed, as the everlasting punishment, in a future state, of souls departing this life in the habit and malice of deadly sin. His utterances upon so momentous a subject are vague, windy, and inexact, even from a Universalist point of view, for he does not even regard the partial punishment of the reprobate as punitive or reformatory, but leaves the whole subject in a cloud of rhetorical and sentimental rose-color.

No doctrine is more fully or plainly revealed in the Scriptures than the everlasting punishment of the reprobate. It is, in fact, the cardinal dogma on which the moral government of God depends, and from which the divine law draws its sanction. The texts upon the subject are numerous and explicit. Our Saviour contrasts the eternal life of the blessed with the everlasting punishment of the damned, using the same word for everlasting in both instances, and thus preventing any limitation of meaning in the sentence which consigns the reprobate to perdition. As eternal happiness is eternal in the sense of unending, so the sufferings of the lost are likewise interminable. The preacher who would honestly and solemnly lay before his people the divine oracles upon this awful theme need have no doubt about his success in establishing what all men must recognize as a most salutary, if terrible and heartrending, truth. Whatever may have been Mr. Beecher's motive in passing over the

great Scripture testimonies, he was under no necessity of making so pathetic a complaint about the obscurity and indefiniteness of the Bible upon hell. There is no obscurity or indefiniteness whatever. Hell is far more clearly described than heaven, and its vivid portraiture is not confined to any portion of Holy Writ, either in the Old or the New Testament.

But as he sets us the example of investigating the natural or rational arguments for future punishment, and as, in his treatment of the theme, he imitates Canon Farrar and other Universalists, we purpose devoting a few pages to refuting his arguments, or rather rhapsodies.

His assumption that the whole religion of the future, its economy of rewards and punishments, its moral government and regulation, belong to the sphere of the "unknowable," is a result of that pernicious system of skepticism advocated by Herbert Spencer and other materialistic Englishmen of the present day. We laugh at Pyrrhonism, or universal doubt, but the philosophy of the unknowable is just as absurd. Of course we know. To deny knowledge whether in the natural or the supernatural order is a contradiction in terms. The existence of God is an object of science, just as much as the existence of London. We know God as First Cause, our Creator, as *Ens a se, actus purissimus*, and absolutely necessary Being. All these are demonstrable, and have been demonstrated a thousand times. The idea of the Infinite and Absolute is familiar to our minds, and can be demonstrated as objectively real. Every schoolboy can prove the existence of God, from the physical constitution of the world, the principle of order, of cause and effect, etc. But we not only know God as our First Cause, but as our Final Cause, the end and object of our creation, and, included in this idea of God as Final Cause,

the everlasting and incontrovertible root and foundation of our responsibility and our whole moral relationship with him rest. No sooner has the human mind grasped this fact, which is traditional as well as knowable in itself, and which is the life of all religion, than there at once flashes upon us the truth of God as Rewarder and Punisher, the Supreme and all-just Judge, the Sovereign Good, the absolutely perfect being, between whom and the slightest shadow of sin or wrong-doing there is eternal separation and conflict. The very Vision of God, supremely good and all-holy, is sufficient to banish the sinner forever from his face. The mystery of mysteries is that the All-Holy One bears as he does with the manifest sinfulness in the world; but there is no mystery whatever in the absolute and eternal exclusion from his presence of reprobate man, viewed simply as defiled with sin, that is to say, out of harmony with his final end, and, in the eyes of God, a rebel to his will, and a perverse scorner of the law and the moral order which he has established.

To know these truths there is no necessity of having recourse to the Scriptures. They are demonstrations. They flow out of our conception of the Supreme Being. No sooner do we reflect upon his infinite perfections than the beauty of his heaven beams upon us, and the dread of his hell chills us. Nothing defiled can come near that spotless sanctity; no storms of passion can reach that peaceful abode. The eternal good, the everlasting blessedness, all that we can conceive of infinite sanctity, purity, mercy, grace, all perfections, are in God, or rather are God. Evil is the negation of good, the loss of perfection, the turning away from the everlasting fountain of grace and benediction. The just man prayed that his flesh might be pierced with the Divine judgments, for no man

can contemplate this ocean of perfection without trembling at his sin. What blasphemy is it to speak lightly of sin in reference to the holiest God, who hates it with an infinite hatred, as being the antithesis and contradiction of himself. He cannot abide sin. It flies from his presence. He cannot overlook sin. He cannot fail to punish it. It is the everlasting law and justice, which is himself, that casts out sin and the sinner from the Holy Mount. The whole controversy upon hell as conducted by those who deny it and its eternity does not proceed upon this elementary idea of God, an idea which demonstrates the existence of hell, or of a state or condition of everlasting exclusion from God for those who prefer evil to himself.

This truth is known by natural reason, and is found in all nations, in all religions, and in every age. To deny it is to advocate the absurd and blasphemous theory that God must make some compromise with deadly sin, must derogate his everlasting sanctity by treating sin with lenity, carelessness, or without that strict justice which is his attribute. In vain do we exclaim against its apparent rigor, its seeming contradiction of the mercy of God and his loving kindness to man. There is no contradiction. His mercy and redemption are plenteous. We are but laying down the eternal law under which we live, a law from which there is no deviation, because it exists in the divine mind, and its decrees are from everlasting to everlasting.

This denial or obscurity of the teleological or final order is the cause of nearly all the confusion and error of Protestant theology. A recognition of God is not wanting. Elaborate proofs of his existence are at hand, but there is an unaccountable failure to perceive that, if he is our First Cause, our Creator and proprietor, he necessarily is our end and judge. He has absolute dominion over us, and our last end falls

as clearly under his *régime* as our first beginning. The doctrine of moral accountability is recognized; the immortality of the soul is insisted upon, though few are thoughtful enough to perceive that, strong as are the arguments for immortality drawn from the nature and spirituality of the soul, the grand and conclusive argument springs from the truth of personal responsibility, the freedom of our actions, and their recognized permanent force and influence. We have a belief, which amounts to the certitude of inner consciousness, that we shall survive personally and substantively in a disembodied state. We *know* that we shall never die; and the moral sense announces, with no doubtful voice, that we must undergo judgment and receive reward or punishment according to our deserts. In spite of the natural weakness of our own ideas touching this judgment, no man can conceal from himself that the absolutely perfect and just being will mete out to him a sentence, the essential glory of which will be its absolute justice and its freedom from the slightest suspicion of fear or favor. But how few carry their speculation or knowledge to this point! We know God, our Creator. We seldom think of him as judge. Our ideas of sin are confused or inaccurate. The world about us mitigates the fear of God by its patronage, or concealment, or indifference in matters involving questions of the divine law. Our own conscience becomes callous, and the poetic dictum about first hating, then tolerating, and finally embracing vice, is daily verified. Yet all the time the infinitely holy God finds only one thing in all his creation which the necessity of his being obliges him to regard with infinite hate and displeasure, and that is the actual moral corruption of the creatures whom he has made in his own image, and to each of whom, outside of revelation entirely, he has

communicated a law sufficient to save them, but they will not. The natural man who observes this law, written on the human heart, who recognizes his Creator as his Final Cause, and as the rewarder of them that seek him, is in the way of salvation according to St. Paul. It is in his failure to draw this distinction, or to apprehend God as our end, that Mr. Beecher falls into the second of the egregious errors in which his discourse abounds.

What solution is given to the admitted necessity of punishing sinners after death, the doctrine of purgatory being denied? Clearly, none. Either admit purgatory, as Mr. Beecher is virtually forced to do, but to the destruction of hell, or throw revelation and reason overboard. The doctrine of an intermediate state falls into beautiful harmony with every idea of infinite justice. The clear mind of Dr. Samuel Johnson perceived its reasonableness, and he acted upon his intuition, when he prayed daily for his departed friends. God, who can discriminate infallibly between sins, created purgatory as a remedial and reformatory school of suffering, patience, and hope. The specific differences in sin, the temporal punishment due to sin, after the remission of its external punishment, and the exactions of divine justice, all combine to prove the existence of such a purgatorial state, to say nothing of the clear Judaic tradition upon the subject. But to argue from its existence and admitted advantages, conducive to God's glory, to the exclusion of hell and eternal punishment, would be to confuse the distinctions of sin, and overturn the justice of God. The various theories of an ending hell, after probation, apply to purgatory, wherein the spirits of the just are made perfect, satisfaction is given, and sin expiated. But nothing is surer than that there is a fixed and immovable condition of suffering prepared for the devil and his angels.

Canon Farrar, an English divine, and the author of a popular *Life of Christ*, has also entered the lists against an endless hell. Dean Stanley has likewise signified his disbelief in endless torments, an opinion which, for his own sake, we hope he may find true. Farrar, whose utterances appear to have made considerable stir in England, indulges not so much in argument as in an impassioned invective against the "coarse terrorism" of the doctrine and the popular descriptions of hell found in the poets. These, it is clear, have nothing to do with the dogma. Dante's *Inferno* is not of faith, nor is the Ghost in *Hamlet* an authorized exponent of theologic truth. Milton's Pandemonium, on the whole, is not such a dreadful place to live in; but not even the great Calvinistic poet's conception of hell is orthodox. In fact, his entire poem is, viewed theologically, vicious and absurd. Farrar opens his denunciation of hell by the statement that it is a human figment, invented by theologians and intensified by vulgar fears and superstition. This is a grave error. In the first place, no man would be naturally inclined to invent eternal damnation; and, in the second place, no man would be willing to believe in it. The fact of the universal tradition among men, in all ages and from the earliest antiquity, of a place of future punishment is proof presumptive of its divine origin. Certain it is, there is no religion which has not its heaven and hell, and what is strikingly to our purpose, its *everlasting* hell. This tradition has a profound significance. The great beliefs of the human race upon morals are deserving of the most attentive examination and acceptance. The mythology of Greece and Rome had its Tartarus, with innumerable appliances of torture. The universal cry of humanity has condemned to everlasting darkness and horror the impious and the irreligious. The all-pervading belief in the divine ret-

ribution has sustained mankind, in all ages, under the yoke of injustice and the triumph of the wicked. The eternal distinction between right and wrong has never been obliterated from the human soul; and the testimony of all ages represents man as looking forward to another life, in which his wrongs shall be righted, his virtues rewarded, and his wickedness punished. It matters not that in his ideas of such a state he may appear to the philosopher grotesque or superstitious. There is the underlying truth, announced by the very constitution of his nature, and pointed out to him by his reason, that the wicked shall fall under the vengeance of an offended Deity, and that the good shall be crowned with his glory.

We dwell thus long upon the simple and elementary truths both of reason and revelation, in order to point out the straits to which those writers are reduced who would force man to practically reject the doctrine of the future life, as reject it he must if he abandons the idea of future punishment. Why should we cumulate arguments to prove there is a heaven (which we are in fact most ready to accept without proof), and to exclude from the pale of reason the idea of hell? If the difficulty is in accepting an *everlasting* hell, why is there no difficulty in accepting an everlasting heaven? If unending happiness is the reward of the virtuous, why should we carp at an endless punishment for the wicked? There is just as much proportion, naturally speaking, between our deserving an everlasting heaven for our good works as our deserving an unending punishment for our evil works. The argument against hell has no logical foundation, from whatever side we view it. The trouble is that we dread to face the difficulty; we shrink from the contemplation of pain, by a law of our being, and all our philosophic calmness breaks down before the very thought of end-

less suffering and sempiternal horror. Wherefore, the Church has deemed it wise to make it an article of divine faith; for it needs all the courage of faith to stand tremblingly upon the abyss of interminable woe, and to confess that God, in the creation of hell, shows forth his wisdom, power, and glory as magnificently and as truly as in any other of his works.

Canon Farrar dwells with effective rhetoric upon what he dares to challenge as *injustice* in God to condemn his sinful creatures to torture—a ridiculous strain, in which Beecher also indulges. Do not these theologians know that God is incapable of injustice? No matter what he does, it is done with infinite wisdom and justice. What deceives us in this assertion is our wrong notion of the goodness of God. He cannot but punish sin. Because he *is* sovereignly good, therefore he detests and abhors sin in a sovereign degree. He is necessitated, by his very essence, to be the unrelenting persecutor and avenger of evil. Everlastingly opposed to sin, he of necessity everlastingly punishes it. He would cease to be God if he ceased to hate and punish sin. The very sanctity of God breaks out in this terrific wrath against that which is opposed to his divine perfections. It is absurd to represent him as weakly indulgent to sin or its consequences. He cannot be more merciful than he really is.

It is moreover objected that the eternal punishment is greater than the temporal offence. There should be some equality or proportion between the sin and the suffering. This is a fallacious principle which is never acted on, even in human law. A man may be imprisoned for life for the act of a moment. The indelible stain of dishonor attaches to momentary actions or words. Our own imperfect notion of justice practically punishes for eternity when it deprives a criminal of his life. The argument is rightly retorted by theologians who show that from the eter-

nal punishment inflicted upon mortal sin, it has an infinite malice, a profound deformity, and that it must be, in itself, an object of the infinite displeasure of the Most High. It is not so much the actual or particular sin that merits the Divine chastisements as a perverse and resolute will to continue in sin. This disposition colors a man's life, and makes him perpetually ready to fall into sin. He lives in and for sin, and, so to speak, offsets God's eternity with his own. It is this habit of sin which falls under the everlasting judgment, as, indeed, how could it else, since, short of a miracle of grace, God himself cannot turn the will of a man whose habits of vice are thoroughly ingrained? Such a man falls into hell on the principle of spiritual gravitation. Sin also takes an infinite character from its offence to an infinite being, and draws down, not an infinite but an eternal punishment, though it deserves to be punished infinitely if the creature were capable.

To read Beecher's and Farrar's descriptions one almost sees Almighty God acting like a furious Scandinavian Thor, crushing his creatures with the hammer of vindictive cruelty. Beecher protests that he will not worship this fierce monster. Farrar declares that he never, never will believe in such merciless rigor. Here is another absurdity. Hell, with all its horrors, has been the most effective sermon and warning ever delivered to man. It is a triumph of God's wisdom. Its lurid light has fallen upon thousands of delightful gardens of wicked pleasure and deadly enemies to the human race. Its fire has been a purifying element in the thoughts and lives of men. God does not want any one to enter it. It is a necessary portion of the moral government of the universe. No one shall be sent thither without abundant cause. We have innumerable proofs of the divine mercy without commanding

God to contradict himself and annihilate hell. We are saved from it thousands of times during life, and we should humbly hope to be saved from it in death. Side by side with the most terrific denunciations of sin in Holy Writ are passages of melting tenderness and compassionate appeals to the sinner to be converted and live. The mystery of the reconciliation of mercy and justice was wrought in Christ Jesus, who bore our iniquities and satisfied for our transgressions. We all shrink from hell and pray against it, but will this alter or blot out its existence? The eternal gates stand. The irrevocable word is spoken. Isaiah prophesies it; the Psalmist dreads it; St. John describes it; St. Paul threatens it, and Christ holds the keys of death and hell. No one has proclaimed its existence and its eternity more clearly than our loving Saviour, who overcame its powers. The inextinguishable flame, the worm that dieth not, the weeping and gnashing of teeth, all are terribly and frequently described by him to warn us, in infinite compassion, against exposing ourselves to its dread and everlasting dominion.

We sincerely regret that the so-called preachers and exponents of the Christian religion should seek to hide from men these awful but saving truths. Perhaps a reason is found in that recoil of the human mind from the frightful and utterly unwarrantable doctrine of formal reprobation as taught by Calvin. Hell is bad enough; but to be condemned to hell without cause or reason, except an irrevocable decree of God,

is an idea of hell against which reason and piety revolt. We would advise our Protestant champions to examine our doctrine of purgatory, which they will find quite as soothing and practically the same as their temporary infernal abode, but we beseech them not to persist in a wicked and unwarranted attempt to destroy in men's minds the deep conviction of a future life. Should the non-existence of hell become a prevalent opinion among men, the very foundations of morality and order would be sapped. It is this terrible truth which has kept the race straight from the beginning. No substitution of sentimental religion can avail for the loss of man's belief in future punishment. The devil himself is the only one who will feel grateful for their kind intentions and efforts to disprove his abode, for his greatest triumph is gained when he has made men doubt his existence or disbelieve in his positive agency. There is no necessity for our practically testing or risking the experiment of a hell, but we should familiarize ourselves with the arguments that establish its existence, and the virtues that shall secure us against falling its victims. For Catholics it is a matter of divine faith, but as all men are in danger of becoming its inmates, so all should sternly set their faces against any attempt to weaken faith in that awful truth of hell, which, like a wall of its own fire, has flamed as a beacon of warning to the just and of terror to the impious in every age and land, and proved to be the most powerful safeguard of the morality of mankind.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

A SOLEMN stillness brooded over the great house. Down stairs the servants tiptoed softly about, red-eyed and sympathetic; yet with a certain sense of importance upon them as became the gravity of the occasion. Upstairs in the library the two doctors sat in consultation, and in the bedroom the young mother knelt in tearless and unresigned agony at the bedside of her dying boy; her sole earthly possession, the one thing that had filled and perfected her life, and that seemed now about to slip forever from the passionate mother-love that strove to hold him back. She rose as the doctors re-entered, and her instinctive gesture of repulse seemed like a pitiful blind effort to keep back the dreaded verdict. So at least the older of the two read it, as he stepped up and took the passive little hand. "This may prove a heavy sorrow for you, Helen," he said gravely; "but prepare for the worst, and if it comes, think that your baby is safe in heaven, and try not to grieve so over his great joy."

"Is there no hope at all?" she whispered.

"There is always hope while there is life," was the reply; "and your boy clings most tenaciously to the frail spark there is left. If he survives the night he may live; but I do not think, Helen, he will ever see the morning, at least not here;" and the doctor looked reverently at the little white face upon the pillow. "I can do nothing now to help or save him," he continued; "the issue is in God's hands only, but I will be here again to-night," and with a few whispered directions to the nurse they were gone, and Helen Van Nyce was alone with her great sorrow.

"How shockingly Mrs. Van Nyce looked," said the younger physician, when they had reached the street;

"the loss of this boy will be a terrible blow to her. I never saw such helpless sorrow on a face before."

"Ah, poor Helen," said Dr. Casper thoughtfully; "it is very hard for her to bear. I have known her well, ever since she was a little baby, much younger than Horace is now, and I firmly believe that this boy is the first thing she has ever really loved with anything like the natural strength of her affections. Her mother she never knew, and her father died before she was eleven years old."

"And her husband?" hinted his companion, as Dr. Jasper paused, apparently wrapped in contemplation of the far past.

"Oh, her husband! Well, she was fond of him in a sort of way. It was entirely a made-up match, quite the thing in point of money and position, yet I often wondered that Helen's mother came so readily into the measure. Arthur Van Nyce was but a poor weak fellow, without sufficient character to be good or bad, a handsome nonentity; but she was young and easily satisfied, and the marriage turned out well enough after all. He gave her everything she could want, left her richly provided for, and died too soon for her to find out how inanely good for nothing he was. She made him an excellent wife, too; nursed him tenderly during his long sickness, and mourned him sincerely when he died; but it is out of the question that a man like that should awaken any depth of affection in a woman's heart. On this boy, however, who was born just after his father's death, she has concentrated all the love that a girl generally diffuses among parents, husband, and children. Perhaps it would be best for him to die after all; children on whom too much is lavished have often an ugly trick of turning out badly;

but here we part;" and the two physicians went their ways to other scenes of trial and suffering, and forgot for the time Helen Van Nyce and her baby boy.

But as the daylight faded into dusk, Helen still knelt by the bedside of her firstborn, pouring out agonized prayers that he might be spared to her. She would not say, "Thy will be done." There was no particle of resignation mingled with *her* pain. "Let me keep him, oh my God!" she cried; "I cannot let him go. You do not need him in your happy heaven, and he is my all, my all! Anything else, oh God, take, and I will not murmur; but this one gift of thine I cannot part with yet. He is mine as thou wert thy blessed mother's, and thou didst stay so long with her. Oh Mary, as thou hast loved the baby on thy breast, thou knowest how I love mine. Pray with me that he may live. Oh Christ, through thy love for thy mother, and through every dear delight she took in thee, her child, be merciful and leave me my boy," and so on, in pitiful frenzied prayer, as the twilight deepened into night.

Oh, selfish, sinful love! not like that of the Virgin Mother, to which thou dost so rashly liken it. She sorrowed only for her son, thou for thine own desolate heart. She gave up her only-born to suffering and shameful death to fulfil the Divine Will, and thou canst not let thy baby fly to his father's mansion.

Fair and bright dawned the next morning over the surging sinful city, and one little spirit that had seemed on the very threshold of heaven, was still in the dreary world below.

In the great house the servants whispered the joyful tidings to each other in wondering delight; and Dr. Casper shook his gray head, while tears of happiness stood in his honest blue eyes.

"It is wonderful, Helen," he said; "the Lord has preserved your baby to you through great peril, and with

all my heart I give you joy, for he will live." But the mother sat still, with a strange terror creeping through her heart and deadening her gladness. Was it well, after all, that her boy should stay with her? Surely he would be safer, happier with his God.

Years passed, and the little Horace had grown from childhood into boyhood, brave and handsome, turbulent and unruly. Mothers with gentle loving girls, and honest true-eyed boys, shook their heads sagely, and said to each other that Helen Van Nyce was hardly doing her duty to her only son in allowing him to grow up disobedient, quarrelsome, and lying. Surely she was laying up for herself trouble in the years to come. How could these women in whose children the tender virtues of childhood were so easily fostered, and the petty faults so gradually welcome, how could they know of the secret anguish with which Helen little by little perceived the moral obliquity of her boy, which nullified all her untiring efforts?

Poor child! He had inherited his father's fatal weakness of character, in dangerous conjunction with fiercer passions and lower instincts than his parents ever knew. He had nothing of his mother except her intensity of purpose, tempered down to the aimless obstinacy which always accompanies weakness of the moral force. He was a liar, not from any cowardice, for the boy was physically courageous; but from his utter inability to comprehend the supreme virtue of truth. Good-natured as an animal is until angered, his passion was purposeless and weak in its very intensity, the unreasoning short-lived anger of the brute creation. His love for his mother, while the strongest impulse of his better nature, was still fatally weak. He loved her certainly; could not endure to see her in pain physically or mentally, yet never spared her a single pang by any act of self-restraint, any effort of amendment.

Poor Helen! Day by day she watched the development of this pitiful mingling of the bad and wilful with an inward agony, compared to which that one night's pain at his dying bedside seemed sweet and restful. Her boy's physical health was superb, his limbs strong and graceful, his skin fair as a baby's, and his light-blue eyes, with their shifting glance and their reflective steely brilliancy, the one feature that really marred the beauty of his handsome face. Once or twice he was sent to large boarding-schools, under the hope that discipline might effect what home-love seemed powerless to achieve; but in a few months he was always returned to her hands, his influence being too bad to admit of his continuance at school. Still, through all his troublesome boyhood, Helen struggled and hoped. Surely with manhood would come reason and sober sense. Turbulent boys before have become good men, and Horace was not wholly bad. He had fits of short-lived repentance and gentleness, during which he said his prayers with a childlike fervor, and sought to please his mother in little ways that filled her heart with joy and the sweet delusion that his faults were but the faults of youth which maturity would banish.

But as Horace grew into early manhood, one by one these long-cherished hopes withered and fell like dry leaves before a bitter blast. The most abandoned sinner is still within reach of repentance, to the confirmed scoffer faith may come, but what could she hope for one whose viciousness was in reality a disease, who through fatal inheritance and weakness possessed one of those natures which are born, as Holmes says, "so out of parallel with the lines of natural law that nothing short of a miracle can bring them back?" Moral insanity is a thousand times more terribly incurable, save by an especial action of Divine Grace, than any form of mental

disorder; and yet, thought Helen, God, who looks with equal pity upon both, will never judge my boy severely.

Everything that was bad seemed to have such a terrible attraction for poor Horace, and amidst the raging sea of evil he had but one slight cord on which to cling for preservation, the golden line that bound him to his mother. Not strong enough to draw him safely forth, it yet kept him from sinking forever. And so, for years, Helen struggled single-handed with the thousand evil inclinations that in turn attacked and mastered her boy. But all this time her greatest anguish lay in the thought, now never absent from her mind, "but for me he might now be a baby angel, singing before the throne of God, pure as the purest, safe in the arms of Mary, safe forever more." And at night her sleepless eyes seemed to catch the glimmer of angels' wings as they swept joyously upward with the ransomed baby souls; and one little shadow, as of her own infant boy, seemed always to watch them mournfully, then turn reproachful eyes upon her, until Helen thought she was going mad, and prayed earnestly for strength and reason, "for his sake, O Lord, I cannot die before him."

Nor were her daily prayers unheard, for some thought of his poor, sad mother seemed to hold back Horace from grosser immoralities, and Almighty God mercifully preserved his hands from the stain of his brother's blood. Through fierce drunken brawls, when the animal passions in him were goaded to madness, he emerged unconscious, maudlin, more beast than human, yet never with the guilt of murder on his soul, for all night long his mother wept and prayed; and once, when in a drunken freak he and his boon companions fired a building, ignorant of the unconscious sleepers under the roof, the papers next morning rang with the wonderful escape of

those who seemed in such helpless peril.

Then came the day that he brought home his wife, and gave to Helen as a daughter a low-bred, vulgar woman, whose bold, coarse beauty, had caught and chained his degraded fancy. People said that Mrs. Van Nyce had borne with her son quite long enough, that she did herself great wrong in taking his wife into her house, and that it would be a mercy if she could only die as the shortest way out of her great trouble. What did they know of her daily prayer that she might be suffered to outlive her boy?

"With all your love for your son," said her daughter-in-law to her one day, "you can scarcely move him at all, while I can wind him round my little finger. He daren't say me no." And so, indeed, it seemed. For some time after his marriage Horace was the slave of his wife's slightest whim, spent largely from his diminished income in gratifying her every extravagance, and angrily supported her in her ceaseless complaints. But the supremacy of one coarse soul over another is quickly over, and before two years Horace wearied of his wife, and his short-lived affection sank into dislike and brutal ill-treatment. But the slender golden thread of his mother's influence, though hard-strained, never snapped, and she, standing between her son and his unhappy wife, proved the poor girl's only friend until she died, contrite and broken-hearted, and was followed to the grave by her infant boy. "God is merciful to take thee to him," thought Helen, as she arranged her grandson's little figure for the tomb; and placing two rosebuds in his tiny white hands, she whispered softly, "For your father and myself. You will be sure and not forget us in heaven, my pretty one. Oh, that I had looked upon my baby lying so!"

Many years had passed, and Horace Van Nyce, a man of forty-one,

lay once more at the point of death. His splendid organization had at length yielded to the prolonged strain upon it, and for the first time since babyhood his life hung in a slender balance. Long days and nights had his mother watched at his bedside, quieting his raving terrors, soothing him when all else failed, and now he was once more calm as when he lay an infant in his cradle. Tenderly she prayed, and talked to him, and like a child he listened, and clung to her with childish confidence.

"He may recover yet," said the doctor; "your skilful nursing and his own quiet state of mind are working wonders in his favor. But it is not safe to hope too much; a few more days will show."

"Mother," said Horace, softly, after he had gone, "did the doctor say I had any chance of getting well?"

"Yes, my child," said Helen.

"I am glad," was the musing answer. "I will be, please God, so different, if I live. You would like me to get well, wouldn't you, mother," he added, wistfully, "if I make a good son after all?"

"Horace," said Helen, tenderly, "You are all I have in the world, and I love you with my whole heart; but surely, dearest, it would be better to die and go to God, now that you are sorry and he loves you, than to risk again the troubles and temptations of life. Surely, you would rather go, Horace, if God in his mercy will call you."

"Whatever God thinks best," was the quiet answer; "only you know I don't deserve heaven, mother, and I thought that if God will, perhaps—but, he knows best. It's a great pity I ever lived at all, isn't it, dear?" But Helen bowed her head, and murmured, "He knows best," while in her inmost heart she prayed, "Take him, O, my God! never will he be more worthy of pardon. Thou knowest how weak,

how pitifully weak, he is. Take him now, if in thy infinite wisdom and mercy thou seest fit."

That night Horace Van Nyce died, died with the consolations of the Holy Church, and with the mingled fear and confidence of a child, who,

shrinking, yet hopeful, presents himself at his father's door for pardon. But Helen lived to be an old woman, in whose gentle, weary face and sad, dim eyes you read the life-history of one who had sinned and suffered and been forgiven.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side !

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each, rejoicing, steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your ownselves, be true.

But oh, blithe breeze ! and oh, great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
Oh, bounding breeze ! oh, rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

JOHN DE BREBEUF, S. J., THE APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

"A man of iron frame, whose masculine heart had lost the sense of fear, and whose intensified nature was fired by a zeal before which obstacles fled like the mists of the morning."—PARKMAN.

"That most extraordinary man, the Apostle of the Hurons, the Xavier of North America."—ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

AFTER carefully examining the lives of the early Jesuit Fathers in North America, the historical student is forced to the conclusion that they were a band of almost incomparable men. The more thoroughly their history is sifted and scrutinized, the more firmly does this conviction become rooted in the mind. Though they differed in ability, physical strength, and personal character, there is one shining quality possessed in common by them all—*heroism*. Men more capable of compelling our admiration were not produced, even in the first ages of Christianity.

The biography of *Father John De Brebeuf* is not found in *Butler's Lives of the Saints*; but we search in vain through that excellent work for anything to surpass it in sublime interest. In his towering figure, iron frame, and supernatural gifts he resembled St. Columbkille; while his lion heart and martyr-spirit would do honor to St. Lawrence. We shall glance at the career of this illustrious man, who was the prince of Indian missionaries—the greatest of the American Jesuits.

John De Brebeuf was born in the diocese of Bayeux, France, on the 25th of March, 1593. He belonged to a noble family that gave Normandy many a brave soldier and fearless knight. In his twenty-fifth year the gifted young man entered the Society of Jesus, and such was his humility that he requested to be admitted as a simple lay brother. "And again," says one of the old *Relations*,* "before he made his vows he renewed the request, think-

ing himself unworthy of the priesthood, and fit only for the most menial offices. . . . Yet he was capable of the greatest things."

One of the pioneer band of Jesuits to Canada, Father De Brebeuf landed beneath the bold cliffs of Quebec in 1625. The winter of that and the following year he spent as a sort of apprenticeship, wandering in the neighboring woods and mountains among the savages. Fatigue, disgust, hunger, thirst, and intense cold are but tame expressions when applied to what he endured.*

In the spring of 1626, in company with a few Franciscans and some Indians, Father De Brebeuf penetrated through the wilderness to the shores of Georgian Bay—a journey of over one thousand miles. Here a mission had been begun about ten years before by the "unambitious" Le Caron,† as Bancroft styles him. The work of evangelizing the Hurons progressed slowly, and the Franciscans finally retired. Father De Brebeuf was left alone. He was, perhaps, nine hundred miles from a fellow-Christian, but he toiled on as pen cannot picture. Living amongst the Indians, he became one of them. They called him *Echon*. In short, he was all to all that he might gain all to Christ. The good effect of his untiring toils and instructions began to tell on the multitude of wild men, when an unhappy event occurred. England obtained temporary possession of Canada. Made prisoners, Father De Brebeuf and his religious colleagues who were

* Murray, History of the Catholic Church in the United States.

† Le Caron was a Franciscan.

* That of 1649.

stationed at Quebec were sent to Great Britain, whence, after some time, they were allowed to proceed to France. Here, we are told, he lived among his brethren with the simplicity of a little child. The thorny way of the Indian missions had but advanced him on the royal road of the Cross.* In 1631 he wrote: "I feel that I have no talent for anything, recognizing in myself only an inclination to obey others. I believe that I am only fit to be a porter, to clean out the rooms of my brethren, and to serve in the kitchen. I mean to conduct myself in the Society as if I were a beggar, admitted into it by sufferance, and I will receive everything that is granted me as a particular favor."

The person who wrote this was, without any doubt, one of the most gifted men of his age!

In a few years France regained possession of Canada, and the cassock of the Jesuit might once more be seen on the rude streets of Quebec. Let us take a glimpse at one of the six fearless sons of Ignatius, who sit in their humble residence of Notre Dame des Anges, at Quebec, in 1633, at their evening meal. "Of the six, one was conspicuous among the rest—a tall, strong man, with features that seemed carved by nature for a soldier, but which the mental habit of years had stamped with the visible impress of the priesthood. This was John De Brebeuf."† The apostle of the Hurons had again blessed the soil of Canada with his presence.

The late learned and venerable Archbishop Spalding fell into several errors in writing of Father De Brebeuf's first journey to the Huron country. "In the spring of 1626," says Dr. Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 326, revised edition, "he (De Brebeuf) penetrated into the Huron

wilderness alone and on foot; the first white man—certainly the first missionary—who ever entered its unexplored recesses."

It was *not* so. Father De Brebeuf did not go alone on that occasion; neither was he the first white man, nor the first missionary who "penetrated into the Huron wilderness." As stated above, the great Jesuit went in company with a few Franciscans and a band of Indians. Father Le Caron, O.S.F., visited the Hurons, and founded a mission among them as early as 1615, ten years before de Brebeuf came to Canada. In the same year (1615) the famous chaplain passed through the wilderness of Upper Canada and discovered Lake Ontario. These are *facts* which cannot be disputed. See Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. iii, Shea's *Catholic Missions*, Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, and Murray's *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

In July, 1633, one hundred and forty canoes were pulled ashore at the warehouses of Quebec. Over six hundred Huron warriors and chiefs had come on their annual trading expedition. Preliminary arrangements past, a council was held in the fort. Jesuit Fathers, French officers, and dusky chiefs and warriors formed this singular assembly. Its object was to come to an understanding with the savages in relation to sending three missionaries among them. To Fathers *De Brebeuf*, *Daniel*, and *Davost** had fallen the honors, dangers, and woes of the Huron mission. Governor Champlain introduced the three priests to the Indians. "These are our fathers," said the noble founder of Canada. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not

* History of the Catholic Church in the United States.

† Relation of 1649.

* Archbishop Spalding in his *Miscellanea*, p. 312, states that only *two* Jesuits, De Brebeuf and Daniel, went on the first Huron mission after the French regained possession of Canada. This is another mistake. All the best authorities mention *three*, one of whom was Davost.

go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French, as you say you love them, then love and honor these our fathers."

On the eve of departure, however, a misunderstanding among the Indians prevented the missionaries from proceeding on their journey, and another year passed away before the fleet of canoes came down the lordly St. Lawrence.

In the summer of 1634, the dusky traders landed their light crafts, this time at Three Rivers, and De Brebeuf and his two companions set out with them on their return trip.

"They reckoned the distance," writes Parkman, "at nine hundred miles; but distance was the least repellent feature of this most arduous journey. Barefooted, lest their shoes should injure the frail vessel, each priest crouched in his canoe, and toiled with unpracticed hand to propel it. Before him, week after week, he saw the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms, ceaselessly plying the paddle. The canoes were soon separated, and for more than a month the priests rarely or never met. De Brebeuf spoke a little Huron, and could converse with his escort, but Daniel and Davost were doomed to a silence unbroken save by the occasional unintelligible complaints and menaces of the Indians, of whom many were sick with the epidemic, and all were terrified, desponding, and sullen. Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn crushed between two stones and mixed with water. The toil was extreme. De Brebeuf counted five portages where their canoes were lifted from the water and carried on the shoulders of the voyagers around the rapids or cataracts. More than fifty times besides they were forced to wade in the raging current, pushing up their empty barks or dragging them with ropes. Brebeuf tried to do his part,

but the boulders and sharp rocks wounded his naked feet and compelled him to desist. He and his companions bore their share of the baggage across the portages, sometimes a distance of several miles. Four trips at least were required to convey the whole. The way was through the dense forest, incumbered with rocks and logs, tangled with roots and underbrush, damp with perpetual shade, and redolent of decayed leaves and mouldering wood. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue. De Brebeuf, with his iron frame and unconquerable resolution, doubted if his strength would sustain him to his journey's end.

"He complains that he had no moment to read his breviary, except by the moonlight or the fire when stretched out to sleep on a bare rock by some savage cataract of the Ot-tawa, or in a damp nook of the adjacent forest. . . . Descending French River, and following the lonely shore of the great Georgian Bay, the canoe which carried De Brebeuf at length neared its destination, thirty days after leaving Three Rivers. Before him, stretched in wild slumber, lay the forest shore of the Huron. Did his spirit sink as he approached his dreary home, oppressed with a dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth?

"De Brebeuf and his Huron companions having landed, the Indians, throwing the missionary's baggage on the ground, left him to his own resources, and, without heeding his remonstrances, set forth for their respective villages, some twenty miles distant. Thus abandoned, the priest knelt, not to implore succor in his perplexity, but to offer thanks to the Providence which had shielded him thus far. Then rising, he pondered as to what course he should take. He knew the spot well. It was on the borders of the small inlet called Thunder Bay. In the neighboring Huron town of Toan-

ché he had lived three years, preaching and baptizing. De Brebeuf hid his baggage in the woods, including the vessels for the Holy Mass, more precious than all the rest, and began to search for his new abode. . . . Evening was near, when, after following, bewildered and anxious, a gloomy forest path, he issued upon a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of Ihonatiria.

"A crowd ran out to meet him. 'Echon has come again! Echon has come again!' they cried, recognizing in the distance the stately figure robed in black that advanced from the border of the forest. They led him to the town, and the whole population swarmed about him. After a short rest, he set out with a number of young Indians in quest of his baggage, returning with it at one o'clock in the morning."* Such is a vivid and faithful picture of the illustrious Jesuit's journey to the Huron nation.

Before proceeding further, let us study a little Indian geography. The ancient country of the Hurons is now comprised in the northeastern and eastern portion of Simcoe County, Canada West,† and is embraced within the peninsula formed by the Nottawassaga and Natchedash Bays of Lake Huron, the River Severn, and Lake Simcoe. This small area was quite thickly inhabited by a race of traders, who had many fortified towns. The Jesuit estimated the number of towns or villages at thirty-two, and the entire population at about 20,000.

On the west and southwest of the Hurons proper lay the kindred tribe of the Tobacco Nation, so called from their luxuriant fields of tobacco. And south of both of these, from Lake St. Clair to Niagara, was the Neutral Nation, which obtained its name from the neutrality observed by its people in the long and

deadly struggle between the Hurons and Iroquois.*

Welcomed by one of the richest and most hospitable Hurons of Ihonatiria, Father De Brebeuf made his abode with him. As days passed he anxiously awaited the arrival of his two fellow-priests and their French companions. One by one they made their appearance. But they could scarcely be recognized. Half dead with hunger and fatigue, they one and all resembled living skeletons more than men.

A house for the *blackrobes* after the Huron model was soon erected. As hundreds of Indians joined in the work, the bark mansion rose in a few days—a complete edifice. It was divided into three parts—storehouse, dwelling-house, and chapel. This house and its furniture soon became the wonder of the whole Huron country. Visitors were in abundance. It was the clock above all that puzzled and pleased them.

"The guests," writes Parkman, "would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded one of the Frenchmen would cry 'Stop!' and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying-glass, wherein a flea was transformed into a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated. 'All this,' says Father Brebeuf, 'serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our faith; for the opinion they have of our ge-

* It is not now known how this fierce feud first originated between these kindred nations. It was going on when the French arrived in Canada, and naturally they took the side of their neighbors, the Hurons. Hence the hostility of the Iroquois to the French.

* The Jesuits in North America.

† Now called Ontario.

nius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them.”

“‘What does the Captain say?’ was the frequent question, for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

“‘When he strikes twelve times, he says, “Hang on the kettle,” and when he strikes four times he says, “Get up and go home.”’ Both interpretations were well remembered.

“At noon visitors were never wanting to share the Father’s sagamite, but at the stroke of four all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace.”*

Father De Brebeuf, as superior of the mission, and his two colleagues now began their labors. To warriors and women, children and chiefs, the Gospel was announced. The work of conversion was long and most difficult. In fact, during the first few years no adults were baptized save those at the point of death. The experienced De Brebeuf knew Indian nature well, and he greatly feared backsliding. Hence his caution. In his eyes *one* good Christian was better than a multitude of bad ones. Besides, all the Indian vices—and the Huron nation was corrupt to the core—had to be eradicated before Catholicity could be planted. The herculean toil of battling against depravity, and of seeing that neither young nor old died without aid, such was the unceasing task of the Jesuits.

In the summer of 1635 there was a severe drought, which defied Indian magic, and ruined the reputation of many a medicine-man. One of the most renowned of these jugglers, “seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought himself of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder and caused him to fly another way.† On this a

clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince their hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defence.

“‘You say that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come.’

“This was done, but the clouds still kept aloof. The Jesuits followed up their advantage.

“‘Your spirits cannot help you,’ said Father De Brebeuf, ‘and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of *him* who made the world, and perhaps he will listen to your prayers.’ And he added that if the Indians would renounce their sins, and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore his favor towards them.

“There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine Masses to St. Joseph, and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French ‘medicine.’”*

If in 1636 more Jesuits came to the assistance of the dauntless De Brebeuf, his difficulties on that account did not diminish. For several years the pestilence had scourged the Hurons, but now it arrived in its most terrible form—the small-pox. Mourning overshadowed the land. De Brebeuf and his brave band became, if possible, more than

man in the form of a turkey-cock. The sky is his palace, and he remains in it when the air is clear. When the clouds begin to grumble he descends to the earth to gather up snakes, and other objects which the Indians call *manitous*. The lightning flashes whenever he opens or closes his wings. If the storm is more violent than usual, it is because his young are with him, and aiding in the noise as well as they can.”

* The Jesuits in North America.

* The Jesuits in North America.

† The following is the explanation an Indian gave Father De Brebeuf, of what thunder was: “It is a

heroes. Amid the wails of the living and the groans of the dying, they passed around, like good angels, from cabin to cabin, aiding and comforting as they went along. Often the only return for their charity were jeers and curses.

"When we see them," writes the Protestant Parkman, "in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forest, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length through the storm the clustering dwellings of some barbarous hamlet, when we see them entering one after another these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, . . . we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued."

In those wild scenes of misery, no pen can picture the heroic toils, the calmness, the greatness of Father De Brebeuf. How the human frame could endure it is something which fills the mind with astonishment. Nor had he to battle against disease and Indian wickedness only. The powers of darkness assailed the brave priest in every way possible. "Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears, wolves, or wild-cats. He called on God, and the apparitions vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him, and once, as he faced it with a non-quailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. He saw the vision of a vast and gorgeous palace, and a miraculous voice assured him that such was to be the reward of those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God. Angels appeared to him, and more than once St. Joseph and the M. B. Virgin were visibly present before his sight."*

In 1637 Father De Brebeuf had the extreme consolation of solemnly baptizing a Huron chief, the first adult in health yet admitted to the Christian fold. It was done with great ceremony, and in the presence of hundreds of wondering Indians.

But the devil became alarmed at this triumph of the faith. More than ever the savages began to suspect the Jesuits. It was secretly whispered abroad that they had bewitched the nation, in short were the chief cause of the pest which threatened to destroy it.

A dwarfish medicine-man, who boasted that he was a veritable devil incarnate, originated this rumor. "The slander spread fast and far. Their friends looked at them askance, their enemies clamored for their lives. Some said that the priests concealed in their houses a corpse which infected the country—a prevalent notion, derived from some half-instructed neophyte, concerning the body of Christ in the Eucharist. Others ascribed the evils to a serpent, others to a spotted frog, others to a demon which the priests were supposed to carry in the barrel of a gun. Others again gave out that they had pricked an infant to death with awls in the forest in order to kill the Huron children by magic. 'Perhaps,' observes Father Le Mercier, 'the devil was enraged because we had placed a great many of these little innocents in Heaven.'

"The picture of the Last Judgment* became an object of terror. It was regarded as a charm. The dragons and serpents were supposed to be the demons of the pest, and the sinners whom they were so busily devouring to represent its victims. On the top of a spruce tree near their house at Ihonatiria, the priests had fastened a small streamer to show the direction of the wind. This too was taken for a charm, throwing off disease and death to all quarters. The

* Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America.*

* This was one of the few pictures that adorned the rude forest chapel.

clock, once an object of harmless wonder, now excited the wildest alarm, and the Jesuits were forced to stop it, as it was supposed to sound the signal of death. At sunset, one would have seen knots of Indians, their faces dark with dejection and terror, listening to the measured sounds which issued from within the neighboring house of the mission, where, with bolted doors, the priests were singing litanies, mistaken for incantations by the awe-struck savages.*

On the evening of the 4th of August, 1637, the chiefs held a solemn council to discuss the whole question of the pest and the Jesuits. Father De Brebeuf and his associates were requested to be present, and gladly they accepted the invitation. A stranger scene it would be difficult to imagine. Chiefs grizzily with age and bearing the scars of many a fierce contest, spent their eloquence, the whole gist of which was—the Huron nation was dying away, and the Jesuits were the cause. When the last of the dusky orators sat down, the noble De Brebeuf arose and thoroughly exposed the utter absurdity of the charges against himself and his fellow-priests. But it was all to no purpose. There was a clamor for the “*charmed cloth!*” In vain did the Jesuit protest that they had nothing of the kind. The loud and savage demands but increased.

“If you will not believe me,” said De Brebeuf, “go to our house; search everywhere; and if you are not sure which is the charm, take all our clothing and all our cloth and throw them into the lake.”

“Sorcerers always talk in that way,” was the reply.

“Then what will you have me say?” demanded De Brebeuf.

“Tell us the cause of the pest,” was still asked.

De Brebeuf’s explanations and the

loud interruptions of the Indians delayed the debate until long after midnight. As one of the old chiefs passed out, he said to the “Xavier of North America,” “If some young brave should split your head we should have nothing to say.”

The Fathers were now in peril of their lives. The few converts they had lately made came to them in secret, and warned them that their death was determined upon. The house was set on fire, in public every face was averted from them, and a new council was called to pronounce the decree of death. They appeared before it, we are told, with a front of such unflinching assurance that their judges, Indian like, postponed the sentence. Yet it seemed impossible that they should much longer escape. De Brebeuf, therefore, wrote a letter of farewell to his superior, Father Le Jeune, at Quebec, and confided it to some converts whom he could trust, to be carried by them to its destination.

“We are, perhaps,” he writes, “about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that his goodness will accept the sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and numberless sins, and that he will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our Fathers here. . . . Blessed be his name forever, that he has chosen us among so many better than we to aid him to bear his cross in this land! In all things his holy will be done.” The spirit of the fearless Christian hero shines out in these admirable sentences.

After a fervent novena to St. Joseph, the clouds of death that hung over their devoted heads began slowly to move away. “Truly,” wrote Father Le Mercier, “it is an unspeakable happiness for us in the midst of this barbarism to hear the roaring of the demons, and to see earth and hell raging against a handful of men who will not even defend themselves.”

* The Jesuits in North America.

Illustrious land of incomparable men! Let us call the immortal roll: "The iron De Brebeuf, the gentle Garnier, the all-enduring Jaques, the enthusiastic Chaumonot, Lallemant, Le Mercier, Charletain, Daniel, Pijart, Ragueneau, Du Perron, Poncet, Le Moyne," one and all bore themselves with a bold tranquillity even when their very scalps hung by a hair.

During the remainder of the narrative we must confine ourselves to the personal history of the renowned De Brebeuf. Gladly would I follow all in their labors, but space will not permit. In the words of a learned writer: "Fain would I pause to follow each in his trials and his toils; recount their dangers from the heated Huron, the skulking Iroquois brave, the frozen river, hunger, cold, and accident; to show Garnier wrestling with the floating ice through which he sunk on an errand of mercy; Chabanel struggling on for many years on a mission from which every fibre of his nature shrunk with loathing; Chaumonot compiling his grammar on the frozen earth; or the heroic De Brebeuf, paralyzed by a fall, with his collar-bone broken, creeping on his hands and feet along the frozen road, and sleeping unsheltered in the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold."*

In November, 1640, Father De Brebeuf, accompanied by Father Chaumonot, set out to establish a mission among the ferocious savages of the Neutral Nation. A more perilous journey they could not have undertaken. Five days of toilsome marching brought them to the first Neutral town. "Their progress," says Parkman, "was a storm of maledictions. The cry of 'sorcerers' was immediately raised, and in every quarter the priests were denounced as the destroyers of the human race. They were driven from door to door, yelled at, spat on, jeered, and cursed."

One day, as Father De Brebeuf's eyes were turned in the direction of the land of the Iroquois, he beheld the ominous apparition of a great cross in the air approaching from that quarter. Afterwards he told the vision to his comrades. "What was it like?" "How large was it?" they eagerly demanded. "Large enough," replied De Brebeuf, "to crucify us all."*

But God did not abandon his faithful servant in adversity. "One evening," writes Father Chaumonot, "when all the chief men of the town were deliberating in council whether they would put us to death, Father De Brebeuf, while making his examination of conscience, as we were together at prayers, saw the vision of a spectre, full of fury, menacing us both with three javelins which he held in his hand. Then he hurled one of them at us; but a more powerful hand caught it as it flew, and this took place a second or a third time, as he hurled his two remaining javelins. . . . Late at night our host came back from the council, where the two Huron emissaries had made their gift of hatchets to have us killed. He wakened us to say that three times we had been at the point of death; for the young men had offered three times to strike the blow, and three times the old men had dissuaded them. This explained the meaning of Father De Brebeuf's vision." Still their danger was not past. It was secretly agreed that no one should shelter them.

"Go and leave our country," exclaimed an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle, and make a feast of you."

Father De Brebeuf and his companion, notwithstanding their dangers, spent a few weeks more in the territory of the ferocious and inhospitable Neutrals, and then shaking the dust off their feet, they proceeded north to St. Marie, the headquarters of the whole Huron mission.

* History of the Catholic Missions.

* The Jesuits in North America.

Six years of almost incredible toil and sufferings had now been spent in the stony field of the Huron mission. To the mere human eye it was labor thrown away. But nothing is lost that is done for God. Others may sow and water; *he alone* can give the increase, which he always does in his own good time. After all, *motives, not success*, are the test of real merit. If, however, the sublimest motives and the noblest merit can command success, did not Father De Brebeuf deserve it?

The venerable apostle of the Hurons had the happiness to live to behold his labors blessed by heaven. During the remaining nine years of his glorious career thousands came into the Church. Marvellous sight! Obstinate and fierce barbarians were transformed into model Christians. The wolf became a lamb. Speaking of the state of the missions in 1648, Father Ragueneau wrote: "Everywhere the progress of the faith has far surpassed our hopes; the greater portion of the savages, even those who had been before the most ferocious, having become so docile and so pliable to the preaching of the Gospel as to make it manifest that the angels labored more among them than ourselves. The number of those who received baptism this year is about eighteen hundred."*

Four new missionaries having arrived in September, 1648, the total number laboring in the Huron mission then amounted to *eighteen*. All the chief villages had their flourishing missions. In the conversion of these dusky sons of the forest we see the truth of the lines—

"Nothing great is lightly won
And nothing won is lost."

How delighted must have been Father De Brebeuf in witnessing the marvellous progress of the faith described in the Huron *Relations* of that time. "Without doubt," writes the Superior, "the angels of heaven

have been rejoiced at seeing that in all the villages of this country the faith is respected, and that Christians now glory in that name which was in reproach but a few years ago. For my part I could never have hoped to see, *even after fifty years of labor*, one-tenth part of the piety, of the virtue and sanctity, of which I have been an eye-witness in the visits made to those churches which have but lately grown up in the bosom of infidelity. It has given me a sensible delight to witness the diligence of the Christians who anticipated the light of the sun to come to the public prayers, and who, though harassed with toil, came again in immense throngs before night to render anew their homages to God; to see the little children emulating the piety of their parents, and accustoming themselves, from the most tender age, to offer up to God their little sufferings, griefs, and labors. Often little girls, while engaged in gathering wood for the fire in the adjoining forests, can find no employment more agreeable than to recite the rosary, seeking to outstrip each other in this exercise of piety. But what has charmed me most is to see that the sentiments of faith have penetrated so deeply into the hearts of those whom we have but lately called barbarians, and I can say with entire truth that divine grace has destroyed in most of them the fears, the desires, and the joys inspired heretofore by the feelings of nature."*

Such was the happy condition of the Huron mission. The labors of the illustrious De Brebeuf and his fellow Jesuits were crowned with more than success. Catholicity flourished in the snowclad wilderness of the North.

There were in the Huron country in March, 1649, eighteen Jesuits and four lay brothers. The headquarters of the mission, where the Father Superior resided, was, as we have said,

* Relation of 1648.

* Father Ragueneau, S. J., Relation of 1648-9.

Sainte Marie, on the little river Wye, just south of Matchedash Bay. Other mission villages had likewise the names of saints, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph,* St. Louis, and many more.

Let us imagine all the Fathers gathered together in the largest apartment of the house at Sainte Marie. Among them we can at once single out the towering figure of the apostle and founder of the Huron mission, Father John De Brebeuf. His hair was now somewhat tinged with gray, for he was fifty-six years of age. "If he seemed impassive," writes the Protestant Parkman, "it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm, which with many is fitful and spasmodic, was with him the current of his life, solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The divine Trinity, the holy Virgin, the saints, heaven and hell, angels and fiends, to him these alone were real, and all things else were naught."[†]

De Brebeuf was a man of sublime virtue. Let the pen of one of his famous companions describe his Christian greatness: "When he was made Superior of the Huron mission," writes Father Ragueneau, "and had many others under his charge, every one admired his skill in the management of affairs, his sweetness, which gained all hearts, his heroic courage in every undertaking, his long-suffering in awaiting the moments of God's good pleasure, his patience in enduring everything, and his zeal in undertaking whatever

might promote God's glory. His humility inclined him to embrace with love, with joy, and even with natural relish, whatever was most lowly and painful.

"If on a journey he carried the heaviest burdens, if travelling in canoes he paddled from morning till night, it was he who threw himself first into the water and was the last to leave it, notwithstanding the rigor of the cold and the ice. He was the first up in the morning to make a fire and prepare breakfast, and he was the last to retire, finishing his prayers and devotions after the others had gone to repose.

"What is most remarkable is, that in all the labors he thus took upon himself, he did everything so quietly and dexterously that one would have believed that he had but acted in accordance with his natural inclination. 'I am but an ox,' he was wont to say, alluding to the meaning of his name in French; 'I am fit for nothing but carrying burdens.'

"To the continual sufferings which were inseparable from his employment in the missions, he added a number of voluntary mortifications, of inflictions of the discipline every day, and often twice in the day, of frequent fasts, of hair shirts, of girdles around his body, armed with iron points, of watchings, which were protracted far into the night. And after all, his heart was not yet satiated with sufferings, and he believed that what he had hitherto endured was nothing.

"His meekness was the virtue which seemed to transcend all the others. It was proof against every trial. For twelve years that I have known him," continues Father Ragueneau, "that I have seen him alternately superior, inferior, and on an equality with others, sometimes engaged in temporal affairs, sometimes in missionary toils and labors, dealing with the savages whether Christians, infidels, or enemies, in the midst of sufferings, of persecution,

* The year before, 1648, St. Joseph's was destroyed by a hostile band of Iroquois. It was early in the morning. Mass was just finished by Father Daniel. The warwhoop of the Iroquois rang in the ears of the panic-stricken villagers. Rallying the defenders, the heroic priest gave them absolution. "Brothers," he exclaimed, "to-day we shall be in heaven!" And to his flock he cried, "Fly! I will stay here. We shall meet again in heaven." As the defenders were few the carnage soon began. On seeing Daniel in the bright robes of his office, the heathen savages stared for a moment in amazement. Then came a volley of arrows. A musket-ball pierced the Jesuit's heart, and he fell murmuring the holy name of Jesus. This occurred three days after his retreat. He died a saint and martyr.

[†] Parkman.

and of calumny, I never once saw him either in anger or manifesting the slightest indication of displeasure. Occasionally, even, some persons tried to pique him on purpose, and to surprise him in those things to which they thought his sensibility would be the most alive, but always his eye would be benign, his words full of sweetness, and his heart in an unalterable calm."*

Stationed at the village of St. Louis were Father De Brebeuf and his slender and apparently youthful colleague, Father Gabriel Lalemant. We have already referred to the Iroquois raid by which Father Daniel met a glorious death. Those hostile savages, encouraged by the success of this first attempt, determined to pay, at some future time, another and more dreadful visit to the Huron country. Before the dawn of day on the 16th of March, 1649, a force of about one thousand Iroquois warriors attacked the village of St. Ignatius. The place was carried by assault. Out of four hundred inhabitants, but three escaped over the snow to carry the alarm to St. Louis, only three miles distant! It was scarcely sunrise as the swift-footed Mohawks surrounded the doomed village in which dwelt De Brebeuf and Lalemant.

The details of the fierce struggle and awful carnage that make that place memorable were learned from a few Indians who escaped to St. Marie, and they can be found in the old *Relation* of that year.

When the three fugitives from St. Ignatius reached the still slumbering village of St. Louis, they spread the alarm with telegraphic rapidity. The Christian Indians entreated De Brebeuf to save his life—to fly with them. But, in the words of Parkman, "the bold scion of a warlike stock had no thought of flight. His post was in the teeth of danger, to cheer on those who fought, and to open heaven to those who fell. His

colleague, slight of frame and frail of constitution, trembled despite himself; but deep enthusiasm mastered the weakness of nature, and he, too, refused to fly."

Out of the seven hundred inhabitants all availed themselves of the opportunity to escape, save about eighty warriors, who determined to sell their lives dearly. The warwhoop of the fierce Iroquois shook the very wigwams, as yell echoed yell, and shot answered shot.

"The combat deepens,
On ye brave!"

The dauntless and iron De Brebeuf and his gentle companion "employed," says the old *Relation*, "every moment of their time, as the most precious of their lives, and during the hottest of the contest their hearts were all on fire for the salvation of souls. One of them was at the breach baptizing the catechumens; the other was giving absolution to the Christian braves. Seeing things desperate, a heathen Huron urged flight. His words were heard by the fearless Stephen Annatoha, the distinguished Christian chief of the village. 'What!' exclaimed the noble chief, 'shall we abandon these good Fathers who, for our sakes, have exposed their own lives? The love they have for our salvation will be the cause of their death. There is no longer time for them to fly across the snows. Let us then die with them, and in their company we shall go to heaven.' This chief had made a general confession but a few days before, having had a presentiment of the threatened danger, and having said that he wished death to find him ripe for the land beyond the skies."

The deadly contest continued until several breaches were made in the palisades. A yell of triumph announced the victory of the Iroquois. Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant and a few Huron warriors were made prisoners. The town was fired.

* *Relation* of 1649, published at Paris in 1650.

Immediately after their capture the Fathers were stripped of their clothing, had their finger-nails torn out by the roots, and were borne in wild triumph to the village of St. Ignatius, which had been taken the same morning. On entering its gates they both received a share of blows on their shoulders, loins, and stomach, no part of their exposed bodies escaping contumely. In the midst of this cruelty the unconquerable De Brebeuf thought only of others. His eye kindling with fire, he addressed the Christian Hurons who were his fellow-captives :

"My children ! Let us lift up our eyes to heaven in the midst of our sufferings ; let us remember that God is a witness of our torments, and that he will soon be our reward exceedingly great. Let us die in this faith, and trust in his goodness for the fulfilment of his promises. I feel more for you than for myself ; but bear with courage the few torments which yet remain. They will terminate with our lives. The glory which will follow them will have no end ! ' *Eclon*, '* they replied, ' our hope shall be in heaven, while our bodies are suffering on earth. Pray to God for us, that he will grant us mercy. We will invoke him even unto death.' "

Enraged at these words of the heroic Jesuit, the Iroquois led him apart and bound him to a stake. These fiendish savages scorched him from head to foot to silence him, whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his lofty form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain, and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lallemant that De Brebeuf might see him tortured.

They had tied strips of bark smeared with pitch about his naked body. When Lallemant saw the condition of his superior he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of St. Paul, " We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." Then he threw himself at De Brebeuf's feet, upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flames rose he threw his arms upward with a shriek of supplication to heaven. Next they hung around de Brebeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable priest stood it like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. " We baptize you," they cried, " that you may be happy in heaven, for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." De Brebeuf did not flinch, and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, " You told us that the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in heaven. We wish to make you happy. We torment you because we love you, and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him, when seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his marvellous courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

Thus died John De Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race, the same,

* Father De Brebeuf's Huron name.

it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel, but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and his death was the astonishment of his inhuman murderers.*

We hope yet to see the cause of the *beatification* of this illustrious martyr and missionary brought forward in due form. Who can doubt but that he now shines among the saints? Great, indeed, must have been the virtue, faith, and heroism which enabled him to triumph over human weakness, and so grandly meet his appalling fate. "Immortal De Brebeuf! master of every virtue, humble beyond expression, meek to admiration, enduring unheard-of toils and sufferings with joy, brave far beyond the bravest of this world, illustrious in life and sublime in death."†

* Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America*.

† Murray, *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

Such a shining Christian hero as Father John De Brebeuf the ancient faith alone can produce. Passing from the visible to the invisible, what glory doubtless illumined that rare soul! For, "it should ever be remembered," says a famous writer, "that the exterior work of a saint is but a small portion of his real life. Men are ever searching for the beautiful in nature and art, but they rarely search for the beauty of a human soul, yet this beauty is immortal. Something of its radiance appears at times even to human eyes, and men are overawed by the majesty or won by the sweetness of the saints of God. But it needs saintliness to discern sanctity, even as it needs cultivated taste to discern art. A thing of beauty is a joy only to those who can discern its beauty."*

The head of Father De Brebeuf is preserved with great veneration in a silver case at Quebec.

* Nun of Kenmare, *Life of St. Patrick*.

NEPENTHE.

Thy sweetest memories perish,
Thy bitterest remain;
How long, how long wilt cherish
Dark dreams of bygone pain?

O the wisdom of forgetting
Which the burdened heart should crave!
O the folly of regretting
What regret no more can save!

Look to the coming splendor,
Thou on the sunrise slope,
Nor thus to memory render
The tribute claimed by Hope.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"This month bright Phœbus enters Pisces,
 For always when the sun comes there,
 Valentine's Day is drawing near. . . .
 And both the men and maids incline
 To chuse them each a Valentine;
 The woman's willing, tho' she's shy,
 She gives the man this soft reply,
 'I'll not resolve one thing or other,
 Until I first consult my mother.'
 When she says so 'tis half a grant,
 And may be taken for consent."

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK, 1676.

"Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
 And awakened the witty and fair;
 The boarding-school belles in a flutter,
 The two-penny posts in despair."

PRAED.

MANY and varied have been the conjectures as to the origin of the custom of choosing valentines on St. Valentine's Day. It has been supposed by some to have originated on the strength of a popular tradition, that on this day

— "Birds of kind
 Their mates with mutual chirpings find,"

a circumstance that is frequently alluded to by the poets, and particularly by Chaucer:

"Nature, the vicare of the Almighty Lord,
 That hole, colde, hevie, light, moist, and drie,
 Hath knit by even number of accord,
 In easie voice began to speak and say,
 Foules, take heed of my sentence I pray,
 And for your own ease in fording of your need,
 As fast as I may speak I will me speed.
 Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's Day,
 By my statute, and through my governance,
 Ye doe chuse your makes (mates), and after flie
 away
 With hem as 'I picke you with pleaseaunce."

But this appears to be nothing more than a poetical idea, borrowed, in all probability, from the custom itself.

Monsieur Menage, in his *Dictionnaire Etymologique*, has accounted for the term "valentine," by stating that Madame Royal, daughter of Henri IV, having built a palace near Turin, which, on account of the great veneration in which the saint was held at that time, she called *The Valentine*. At the first entertainment which she gave there, she was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving for herself

the privilege of being independent of chance, and of choosing her own partner. At various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a bouquet from her lover, and that at every tournament the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted ladie, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. This custom, adds Menage, occasioned the parties to be called *valentines*; but the practice of choosing valentines is of much earlier date, and doubtless originated with the celebration of the ancient Roman festivals, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *Februata*. One of the ceremonies of that feast was the placing the names of certain women in a box from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The owner of the name drawn was expected to devote herself to the drawer, and he, on his part, was bound to be her devoted slave for the time being. The Fathers of the Church deemed these feasts and ceremonies pagan mummeries, and we read in that book, so dear to Catholics, *The Lives of the Saints*, "that in order to abolish the heathen, lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honor of the goddess *Februata Juno*, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on that day," and that St. Francis de Sales "severely forbade the custom of giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honor and imitate in a particular manner." The saints thus drawn were considered their especial patrons for the ensuing year,

and as the drawing took place on the Feast of St. Valentine, the patrons thus drawn were called valentines. The innovation, we are told, was not welcomed by the young men of Rome; they still cling to the names of the young women in preference (for the occasion) to those of the saints; and the honor they paid to the saints was to call the owners of the names drawn from the box their "valentines." Thus then we have the origin of the custom of choosing valentines on St. Valentine's Day. From Rome it spread to England, and we find that as early as 1420, the custom of choosing valentines was a sport practiced in the houses of the gentry of England.

"Seynte Valentine, of custom yeere by yeere
Men have a usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupide's kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affecioun;
Such as ben move with Cupide's mocioun,
Taking theyr choyse as theyr sorte doth falle;
But I love ouu whyche excellith alle."
(LYDGATE'S Poem of Queen Catharine.)

When Ash Wednesday happened to fall on the Feast of St. Valentine (as is the case this year) the "knyghtes and theyr ladyes fayre" assembled in the afternoon, the morning being necessarily occupied in attending at the Holy Sacrifice of the mass and other pious practices, as appears by the quaint song quoted by Donne in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii, 252-8.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1667, Pepys says: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." On the 16th of February he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I am not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have

given to others; but here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget; but my wife's was, 'most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." The practice of drawing valentines by lot is still common in the south of Scotland on St. Valentine's Eve. The young people assemble and write the names of their friends on separate pieces of paper, taking the precaution of putting the lads and lasses in separate bags; the girls draw from the former, the boys from the latter, three times in succession, returning the name after the first and second drawing; if one person takes out the same name three times consecutively, it is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards, as is shown in "Tam Glen:"

"Yestreen at the valentine's drawing
My heart to my mouth gied a stem (jump),
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen."

Gay makes mention of a method of choosing valentines in his time, viz., that the lad's valentine was the first lass he saw in the morning, who was not an inmate of the house; and the lass's valentine was the first young man she met.

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking out of the window for a valentine, or desiring to be one, by making Ophelia sing:

"Good-morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine!"
HAMLET, act iv, scene 5.

And the valentine when seen was bound to give a pair of gloves if at once addressed with:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you;
These are the words you bade me say,
For a pair of new gloves on Easter Day."

Though the following uncourteous retort is reported to have been occasionally made:

"The rose is red, and the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet; but I'll none of you."

The learned Moresin tells us that at this festival the men used to make the women presents; and we learn from Pepys, that when the Duke of York was valentine to the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he presented her with "a jewel of about £800," and that Lord Manderville, her valentine in 1667, gave her "a ring of about £300;" and it appears from the MS. diary of Joyce Jeffereys—1630 to 1640—that the ladies also made presents to their valentines, for we find carefully inserted in her account-book a pecuniary notice of her valentine each year (being the first male person she met on February 14th), thus:

"Gave Tom Ashton for being my valentine two shillings."

"I gave Timothy Pickering, of Clifton on Teme, that was my valentine at Horn Castle, 4d." *Notes and Queries*, 3d s., vol. iii.

It is supposed that the earliest poetical valentines were written by Charles, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII, who fell into the hands of the English at the battle of Agincourt, on 25th October, 1415. Whilst a prisoner in the Tower of London he wrote several thousand verses of poetry, many of which were written on St. Valentine's Day. The following extract is given as containing allusions to the subject before us:

"A ce jour de Saint Valentin
Que chacun doit choisir son per,
Amours demourrai-je non per
Sans partir à vostre butin?
A mon reveillier au matin
Je n'y ay cesse de penser
A ce jour de Saint Valentin."

There is preserved in the royal library of MSS. in the British Museum a magnificent volume containing probably all that the poet-duke wrote during his captivity in England, which extended over a period of twenty-five years.

There are many curious species of divination practiced on St. Valen-

tine's Day or eve, among which are the following. The west country girls drop some hempseed on the ground in the churchyard as the clock is striking twelve, and then face round three times, saying:

"Hempseed I sow, hempseed I mow,
He that shall my true love be
Let him rake this hempseed after me,"

and the man that is to be their husband will then be seen raking up the hempseed attired for the nonce in a winding-sheet, even though he be at the farthest part of the world. But perhaps the most curious is that described in *Connoisseur*, No. 56, "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was mine. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

St. Valentine's Day is still one of the best observed of our popular festivals, but we do not, however, keep it up in its primitive form. We are not satisfied with names now, we keep them secret, and send out pretty devices and poetic effusions, leaving the question to the happy recipients as to who the sender may be. Although we have been able to prove that the custom of *choosing* valentines is an ancient practice, that of *sending* them is of comparatively recent date. Brand Houe and all the best authorities on folk-lore may be searched in

vain for evidence of sending valentines being an old custom. It probably does not date farther back than the beginning of the last century, and it has grown with the development of the penny post. Some time previous to the return of this day, so dear to the minds of thousands of merrymaking and mischievous lads and lasses, the stationers' shops display a profusion of valentines, some of them very beautiful and others extremely ridiculous. On this day

all persons are seized with *furor poetica* :

"And those now rhyme who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more."

It may be some consolation to those who complain of the gradual decline of our "good old customs" to know that the practice of sending valentines is in no way diminished, nor is it likely to be whilst loving hearts are left.

DIEGO COLUMBUS AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

IN the October number of this journal for 1876 I gave a sketch of Fernando Columbus, taken principally from the French of Count De Lorguis. I now, from the same sources, proceed to say something in relation to his elder brother, Diego, and to mention what became of the vice-royalty of the New World after the demise of its illustrious discoverer.

The birth and early years of Diego having been mentioned in my *De Lorguis's Life of Christopher Columbus*, I will, in this paper, only notice the outlines of Diego's history after the death of his immortal father.

After the mournings attendant on the sad event referred to, Don Diego besought King Ferdinand to accord him the dignities and the government justly and legally due to him as the heir of his father.

King Ferdinand, with that craftiness which ever characterized him, appeared very desirous to satisfy him, but said he had not the right himself to settle this affair, which solely pertained to the crown of Castile. Limited now to the kingdom of Arragon, his patrimony,

abandoned by the grandees, detested by the people who were indignant at his shameful forgetfulness of the Queen, to whom he owed his glory and his title of Catholic, and resolved to retire to his kingdom of Sicily, he left to Don Diego the task of obtaining, as best he could, justice from the new Queen of Castile. Ovando, faithful to the instructions of Juan de Fonseca, continued to pursue with a vengeance in the son the enmity he had conceived against his father. The orders he had previously received from the King to send Don Diego what pertained to his father he disregarded. Don Diego wrote about the matter to the King, who answered him that he was truly sorry he was not treated better.

The unexpected death of the Archduke Philip totally subverted the reason of Donna Juana. The poor maniac would not consent to have his body consigned to the tomb. In her inconsolable grief she retired to Hornillos, refusing any longer to attend to the duties of royalty. The cities, at the recommendation of the Duke of Alba, notwithstanding their

disesteem for King Ferdinand, sent him addresses praying him to return and resume the reins of government.

As soon as Ferdinand returned from Naples, Don Diego ceased not to renew his petitions, reminding him of the encouraging words of his letters. Ferdinand always replied with courtesy and kindness, but would decide nothing in the matter. At length Don Diego one day dared to ask him why His Highness could not accord to him as a grace what pertained to him as a plain right, to him who served him so faithfully, having been principally raised under his eyes in the royal household. Without being offended at the question, Ferdinand replied that assuredly he had full confidence in him, but that he could not have the same in his sons and successors. Don Diego rejoined that it did not appear to him to be very just to be punished at present for faults which may be committed by children who, perchance, might never be born, he being still unmarried.

Undoubtedly the government of the Indies would never have been accorded to their lawful titular if an affair of the heart supervening in the household or family of the King himself had not suddenly modified his disposition, and changed the destiny of Don Diego.

Although the glory of Christopher Columbus appeared, for the time, eclipsed in Spain, yet the immensity of his discoveries developing itself from year to year, the grandeur of his services and the fair fame of his name were appreciated by some minds, among whom was a young lady of the royal blood. By the beauty of his person, the maturity of his judgment, and his noble bearing, Don Diego touched and won the heart of the illustrious Donna Maria de Toledo, daughter of Fernando de Toledo, grand commander of Leon, duke and niece to Don Fadrique de Toledo, the celebrated Duke of Alba, and to King Ferdinand himself.

To her high birth and personal beauty, Donna Maria united the noblest qualities of mind and of heart. In the exaltedness of her piety were recognized the influences of the education she had received under the eye of Isabella the Catholic. Indeed, Diego Columbus could never have chosen a wife more capable of rendering him happy, independently of the high connection which he would thus form.

The Duke of Alba took under his special patronage the inclination of his niece. The proposition of Don Diego for her hand being accepted, he made the reclamation for the government of the Indies his personal affair. Already, as soon as the Duke had perceived the attraction of these young hearts for each other, he wrote to King Ferdinand, his cousin, who was then at Naples, urging him to render to the successor of the Admiral of the Indies the rights he inherited from his father.

Ferdinand could not resist the persistent solicitations of the duke, who was his cousin-german, and to whom he was under great personal obligations, and would not, by the obstinacy of his refusal, be prejudicial to the interests of their niece, Donna Maria. He yielded at last to the importunities of the father and uncle of the bride. Still it was with such restrictions as fully showed his cautious and distrustful disposition.

Ovando having incurred the displeasure of Fonseca, his recall was decided upon. On the 9th of August, 1508, Ferdinand signed an authorization for Don Diego Columbus to reside in the Indies. But without recognizing him as viceroy, he accorded to him, by the order of December, 1508, only the authorization to replace Ovando, with the same provisory title, and with the same salary and honors that had been accorded to Ovando, declaring that by this authorization he meant not to add to the rights which may be fixed by the judges; for then the

suit of Don Diego against the Fiscal was not definitely decided.

On the 10th of July, 1509, the young Admiral sailed for San Domingo, accompanied by his wife, his brother, Don Fernando, who had now grown to man's estate, his two uncles, the Atelantado, and the sub-Abbe Don Diego, accompanied by a retinue of cavaliers with their wives, more distinguished for high birth than large fortune, and young ladies who went to compose the household of the young Vice-queen. Notwithstanding the sullen and cautious reserve of the old monarch, a general sentiment of courtesy caused Donna Maria to receive always the title of vice-queen. The title of viceroy was less commonly given to her husband, who usually, like his father, was designated Admiral of the Indies.

His enlightened zeal for the interests of the colony, his attachment to religion, joined to his unswerving love for justice, showed plainly that he was the worthy son of his illustrious father. Endowed with noble and grand qualities, he was capable of governing a large kingdom. But his high endowments, his connection with the King, and the glory of his father were not sufficient to screen him from the shafts of envy. Fonseca and Lopez de Conchillos, another enemy of the Columbuses, had sent to Hispaniola, as treasurer of the Indies, Miguel de Passamonte, a trusty creature of theirs. The secret instructions given to Passamonte were to thwart and paralyze as much as possible the government of the Viceroy. He was supported in his hostility against the Admiral by some partisans of Roldan's, whose residence in Hispaniola Ovando had tolerated contrary to the orders of the late Queen Isabella.

These gentry denaturalized all the acts of the new governor, misrepresented his intentions, and gave themselves the air of protecting the interests of the King and of Castile from

the usurpations of the Admiral, that son of a foreigner. They formed under the auspices of Passamonte a cabal, which they insolently called the party of the King. A mushroom aristocracy had, in consequence of their riches, arisen in the island, and thought themselves the first in the land. The arrival of the Vice-queen, who held a state truly royal, with her ladies of honor, her cavaliers, and the officers of the Admiral, somewhat changed the rude and occasionally violent manners of San Domingo, and caused the importance of this aristocracy to diminish. Hence their hatred of the whole tribe of the Columbuses.

The court of the Vice-queen became an object of admiration to the whole country. Don Diego acted in his quality of governor-general with all the dignity of a viceroy. The hidalgos of the party of the King found themselves completely obscured, notwithstanding their gold and their swaggering airs. Uniting with the old enemies of Christopher Columbus, they continued against the son their former persecutions of his father. Complaints and memorials were stealthily forwarded to Seville. Fonseca and Conchillos were now served to their heart's content in their enmity to the family of the Admiral.

In consequence of the encroachments that were now made on the just powers of Don Diego, and which it would be too tedious to detail, his uncle, the Atelantado, considered it his duty to return to Castile to try to counteract somewhat the influence of the bureaux of Seville, and to get the relatives of Donna Maria to interest themselves in the matter. In the course of the same year Don Diego undertook the conquest of Cuba, which he had the happiness to accomplish without any shedding of blood.

The complaints of the partisans of Passamonte continued to come to Seville, and in 1512 King Ferdinand

sent back the *Atelantado* to Don Diego with instructions still more restricting his power, which was already too limited.

Notwithstanding his probity, the prudence of his measures, the ascendancy of the Vice-queen over the most respectable portion of the colony, and seeing that from year to year the bureaux of Seville tended to dispossess him of all his rights, Don Diego requested and obtained permission to return to Castile in order to justify himself.

Faithful to his abominable system of policy, old Ferdinand welcomed the Admiral of the Indies the more graciously as he was the husband of his niece. He was pleased that he had colonized Cuba and Jamaica and had established a pearl fishery at Cubaga. He admitted that the origin of the animosity of his enemies was the protection he accorded to the Indians. The King, forced to acknowledge his innocence, ordered that all the civil suits entered against him should be discontinued. Nevertheless, he refused to accord him the rights he justly claimed to his share of the profits arising from the colonies of Darien and Castilla del Orio. While Don Diego was thus urging his just claims the King died.

Don Diego was forced to await the arrival from Flanders of the young Prince Charles, who afterwards became the Emperor Charles the Fifth. After four long years of solicitations, he at length obtained a decision from the sovereign declaring his innocence and adjudging him his claims. Still the bureaux of the colonies succeeded in continuing in office Passamonte, their emissary and pliant tool.

In September, 1520, the Admiral recrossed the ocean and arrived at the seat of government. During his absence grave abuses had crept into the administration. He would correct them and apply their proper remedies to them. Hence new causes

of enmities. His battle with these abuses, which he urged with great courage, lasted nearly three years. During this time he received several letters from the Council of the Indies at Seville as annoying as they were unjust. In 1523, in consequence of a memorial forwarded by Passamonte, some annoying admonitions were sent him, and shortly after the Council wrote to him to return to Castile to give explanations. Don Diego well understood that he was virtually recalled from his government.

On the 17th of September he sailed from San Domingo. On his arrival in Castile he repaired to Vittoria, where the court then resided. The monarch and the royal Council of the Indies acknowledged the falsity of the charges urged against him. It was evident that his probity, his loyalty, and his humanity towards the natives were his only faults in the eyes of those who accused him.

Notwithstanding his honorable acquittal, he was not reinstated in his offices, and the contestations about his revenues continued to draw their slow length along.

The Admiral pursued his claims with that firmness of resolution which he inherited from his father. He followed the court in its different residences at Vittoria, at Burgos, at Valladolid, at Madrid, and at Toledo. Here Don Diego fell grievously sick, but as the Emperor had departed for Seville, he would still follow him there. To the representations of his friends, who saw that he could not bear the journey, he answered that he would go in a litter, and that he would stop at Our Lady of Guadeloupe, where he would offer a novena. Oviedo, who saw him two days before his departure, tried also to deter him from it. But he replied that he would go, whatever might be the consequence, for he longed to see his wife and children again, and that at the idea of their early reunion he found himself half cured.

On the 23d of February, 1526, Don Diego proceeded on his journey in a litter, but after having made six leagues, his disease having become aggravated, he was obliged to stop in the town of Montalao. He soon perceived that his death was at hand. For a moment he regretted that he was so far separated from his family, and deprived of the succors and consolations of religion, although he had received Holy Communion at Toledo on the eve of his departure. Providence willed that at this moment four Franciscans should come to the place. These religious were to Don Diego what they were to his sainted father, the friends of his soul. They remained with him, consoling and sustaining him in the final struggle. He died in their arms on the 23d of February, in sentiments of perfect resignation to the divine will, recommending himself to the Blessed Virgin and St. Francis, thanking God for having called him to himself, devoting his heart to heaven with acts of desire, and pronouncing as his last words: *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

Herrera makes frequent mention of his gentleness and urbanity of manners, and pronounces him of a noble disposition, and without deceit. And Washington Irving, summing up his character, says: "He appears by the general consent of historians to have been a man of great integrity, of respectable talents, and of a frank and generous nature." And soon after adds: "This absence of all reserve quite frequently laid him open to the stratagems of crafty men, grown old in deception, who rendered his life a continual series of embarrassments, but the probity of his character, with the irresistible power of truth, bore him through difficulties in which more politic and subtle men would have been entangled and completely lost."

The domestics of the Admiral continued their route, and deposited his mortal remains in the Carthusian monastery of Santa Maria de las

Grutus at Seville, by the side of those of his illustrious father. He was but little more than fifty years of age, his premature death having been hastened by the griefs and troubles he had experienced in the prosecution of his claims.

Don Diego left five children, two sons—Louis and Christopher—and three daughters—Maria, Juana, and Isabella.

The Vice-queen, Maria de Toledo, came back to Spain to protect the rights of her son, Don Louis, then only six years of age. Charles V was absent, but she was most graciously received by the Empress. The title of Admiral of the Indies was immediately conferred on her son, Don Louis, but Charles could not be prevailed on to give him that of Viceroy. Some years after, the young Admiral commenced juridically, but uselessly, his prosecution for the title and prerogatives of Viceroy. After having gone to Hispaniola with the title of Governor-General, finding innumerable obstacles to his administration, and seeing the impossibility of obtaining his rights against the wishes of the Emperor, Don Louis, by a definite arrangement with Spain, renounced his claims to the titles of Viceroy and Governor-General, and to the rights resulting from his hereditary privileges, to accept the titles of Duke of Veraguas and Marquis of Jamaica, accompanied with a considerable pension, which was afterwards reduced to twenty-four thousand piastres.

Don Louis Columbus died at an early age, leaving but two daughters, Felippa and Maria. The latter took the veil at the convent of San Quirice at Valladolid.

The brother of Don Louis had a son named Diego, and two daughters, named also Felippa and Maria.

Don Diego, who was the heir of his uncle, married his cousin Donna Felippa, but he died without issue. Thus the male line of Columbus became extinct in the year 1578.

Now arose in the female line those memorable lawsuits which made such noise in Spain, and also in Italy, the wearisome history of which I will not pretend to record.

At length Don Nuño de Gelves of Portugal, of the royal house of Braganza, who was grandson to Donna Isabella, the third daughter of Diego Columbus by his Vice-queen, Maria de Toledo, was juridically put in possession of the titles of Duke of Veraguas and Marquis of Jamaica,

after he had given up all pretensions to the Viceroyalty of the New World. He also commuted the claim of one-tenth of the produce of the Indies for a pension of one thousand doubloons. "Thus," says Charlevoix, "the dignities and wealth of Columbus passed into a branch of the Portuguese house of Braganza established in Spain, of which the heirs are entitled, *De Portugallo, Colon, Duke de Veragua, Marquis de la Jamaica y Almirante de las Indias.*"

HANS HEMLING'S TRIPTYCH.

"WHO painted that picture?"

The speaker was the great Master Johann van Eyck. He was walking through the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, on the Feast of Easter, in the year of our Lord 1479, when his eye fell on a painting lying against an easel. Around it lay a few implements of the artist, but he was not visible. The picture seemed to belong to nobody.

"Who painted that picture?"

"A poor wounded soldier named Hans," was the reply of the sister. "He was brought to us dying of fever, and out of gratitude for his recovery he wished to paint something for our church. As his intention was good, we supplied him with materials and accepted his offer, though indeed his work can hardly be of much merit."

"Not of much merit!" interrupted Van Eyck, impatiently, shrugging his shoulders. "Where is this man?"

"There he is, poor fellow!" said the good religious, pointing to the bed in the corner of the room, where the sick man lay, nearly unconscious of all around him; "and," she added, "he has taken so much to

heart the ill success of his work that it brought on a second attack of fever, from which we fear he will never recover."

Van Eyck hastened to the sick man's bed, and respectfully lifted his cap. "Brother," he said, with much emotion, "thank our blessed patron, the glorious St. John, who has guided me here to this hospital. The gifts with which God has endowed you for his honor and glory will bring you fame and riches through the patronage of the Holy Church—the mother of art. You are a great painter."

The sick man cast a melancholy and doubtful look at the speaker.

"Rise up, brother," continued Van Eyck, "and come forth, like Lazarus, from the tomb in which you have been so long buried."

The man rose up, strengthened by those words of hope, and became the great painter Hans Hemling, the glory of Bruges, whose numerous works of art are to be found scattered through nearly all the great galleries of Europe, among the greatest of the treasures there. They bear an unmistakable character of their own; even when, as in some

cases, the hands of other artists of the time, and especially that of Hans's benefactor, Johann van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, have been employed on the same picture, Hans is always clearly distinguished, not only by the fineness and delicacy of his touch, and the lightness and gracefulness of his draperies, but also by the devotional character of his paintings, excelling even the great Van Eyck, who had predicted his career of fame and honor from his first glance at the famous triptych. It is still to be seen in the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges.

There is something very charming in the thought of a Christian painter, like the pure and angelical Giovanni da Fiesole—a man of spotless life and unstained heart, on whose soul the sunshine of grace has ever fallen without a cloud to break it, who has known no love but that of God, whose thoughts have ever been occupied with heavenly beauty, and who has therefore had the gift first to catch with wonderful instinct its purest and most delicate reflections in nature and humanity, and then to set them forth in his works so tenderly and yet so vividly, as to fill us with a sense of deep unearthly peace as we gaze upon them, as if he really were able to give us a glimpse of the home of eternal blessedness. We can hardly imagine that such a painter could ever have known the storms of passion, or at least have bent before them. Yet there is another kind of purity besides that of innocence—the purity of penitence. Such is that which we must claim for Hans Hemling.

The Superior was quite right in speaking of Hans as a poor soldier who had been strangely brought to their doors by the charity of a woman. She had found him lying by the roadside wounded and dying, and managed to convey him to the hospital where he had been so carefully attended: but he had known better days, or at least more prosper-

ous circumstances, before he had sunk to destitution. His father had been a wealthy butcher at Bruges. He and his wife lavished all their care and tenderness on the education of Hans, who was their only child, born about the year 1425. In his childhood and youth he had been too much indulged by his parents and his teachers. He was allowed to form bad acquaintances, who drew him into habits of dissipation and vice. At an early age he had shown a considerable talent for painting, and his father had placed him under the care of an artist named Rodgers, known as Rodgers de Bruges. But instead of applying himself to study the youth spent the greater part of his time in idleness. He was one of those good-natured weak souls, "no man's enemies but their own," who often end so badly. With all his faults there was something so attractive about him that he seems to have been much loved in spite of his deplorable weaknesses. Poor Hans! his home became desolate in a manner terrible indeed. One morning the young painter was returning home more than half drunk, after a night spent with his boon companions, his eyes inflamed, his step unsteady, his dress in disorder, when in the court he met his father. The poor old man could not conceal his disgust and distress at his son's condition. He reproached him severely with his disorderly life, at the same time trying to draw him into the house to screen him from the observation of the neighbors. Hans got angry and quarrelsome; from words they came to blows, and in the scuffle the old man was thrown down. His head fell against the pavement, and to his horror and dismay, when he stooped to raise his father up he found him—dead. Poor Hans gave a despairing cry which brought his aged mother to the spot; when she saw the fearful sight she fell on the body of her husband, and her mind gave way. A

few sad weeks only she lived on, unconscious of her misery.

Hans in his grief and self-reproach threw himself recklessly into a course of revelry and dissipation, trying in vain to drown the pangs of remorse. Before a year from the death of his parents was over, he had squandered all the fortune they had carefully accumulated for him. His conduct was so extravagant that he was finally expelled from Bruges by the authorities. Nothing remained for him but to enlist as a private soldier in the Burgundian army; and he seems to have fought in the battles of Morat, Granson, and Nancy. The army at that time contained many desperadoes, banditti, rather than soldiers, who were forever breaking away from military discipline, in the satisfaction of passion or greed. Hans, to do him justice, seems to have set his face against the cruelty and license of their lives; at least he would not join them in their excesses, and so became a sort of butt among them. One day, when he had been unusually tried by the scorn and ridicule they heaped upon him, he retaliated and struck one of them a hard blow. This was the signal for several ruffians of his corps to fall upon him; he received a deep stab in the breast and was left in his own blood on the highroad to die. It was there that the poor woman found him. She took him first to her house, and then (when the case got beyond her skill) transferred him to the Hospital of St. John, where his career as an artist was so strangely to begin.

For many weeks he lay tossing on his bed in a high fever. When at last the crisis was over, and his senses returned, he was able to think of the past. The poor man remembered his former life with the truest contrition. He thought how he had embittered the lives of his parents, and how in some way he had been guilty of their miserable deaths. In the quiet hospital he lay and recalled

all his sins; the prayers of his childhood came back to his lips, and he prayed, as those pray who have lost all in this world, for mercy and forgiveness. He thanked God for the wound and illness that had laid him low, and vowed to offer up the rest of his life to his glory.

The good Sisters rejoiced in the holy dispositions of Hans, and did all in their power to strengthen him in them. He had told them humbly, like a child, of all his troublous past life, and they, with true charity, had spoken to him of hope and confidence, and the infinite mercy of Jesus, nor did they forget to recommend him to the prayers of his holy patron, the blessed St. John, in whose hospital he lay.

As he got stronger, his great wish was to make some offering to the house, out of gratitude. He begged the Superior to give him some painting materials, and to allow him to make a small unused room into a studio. Partly for the sake of finding something to interest him, and partly from curiosity to see the result (for she had small faith in anything but the good-will of the poor soldier), she yielded to his request. Day after day was Hans to be seen praying and painting, like that holy Dominican monk of Fiesole. The skill of the former pupil of Rodgers de Bruges was there, but the pride was gone. Often and often the fear alone of wasting the precious materials prevented his destroying the picture. When it was finished, his humility made him feel that he had failed; he had not represented his ideal. He sank back on his bed discouraged and sick at heart, and his fever returned, so that his recovery seemed hopeless, till the greeting of Johann van Eyck on that Easter morning brought back hope and life.

As soon as his strength had fully returned, Van Eyck presented Hans to the Count of Flanders, "Philip the Good." Philip established him in his own palace, and from thence

the fame of Hans Hemling spread over the whole Catholic world. He often travelled to foreign courts, where he was always received with homage and distinction. Wherever in his journeys he saw a cross or a lonely shrine, he knelt before them, and with outstretched arms humbly besought the pardon of God for all his sins. Whenever he could succor the poor, the sick, and the friendless, he did all in his power for them, pouring out his wealth for their needs in the name of him who died upon the cross.

It is said there are eighty pictures by him still existing, of unquestionable originality. They are all on sacred subjects. He seems also to

have assisted in the illumination of several exquisite missals and breviaries. But there is a peculiar interest about that beautiful triptych* in the hospital at Bruges, not only because he has painted in it a portrait of himself, in the costume of the hospital, uniting with the kings in adoration of the Divine Infant, and from the signature and date which it also bears, but from the history of the painting itself, so characteristic of the early times of Catholic art, and its importance as the foundation of all the glories connected with the name of Hans Hemling.

* The three compartments represent, 1. Our Lord in the manger; 2. The Adoration of the Magi; 3. The Presentation of our Lord in the Temple.

THE VILLAGE HOSTAGES.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

THE battle raged fierce and strong a few leagues distant from a little village in the north of France. The roar of the cannon, and all the various sounds of strife, though deadened by the distance, struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants. The parish priest was at the altar praying for his country, while the villagers around him, pale and trembling, besought God to protect them.

Some German troops anxious to join in the fight, halted on their way not far from the village, and sentinels were placed to watch the surrounding approaches. They failed, however, to see two young lads who warily crept along from bush to bush till they got within firing distance; four shots were heard, and the lads were seen to leap like young deer and disappear in a neighboring field of wheat. They were immediately pursued and some twenty shots were fired, but in vain; the youths were

not caught, and not a drop of blood revealed their track.

They had fired well, those lads, for three German soldiers were rolling in the dust mortally wounded, and the fourth shot had lodged in the two-headed eagle of a Prussian officer's helmet.

The incensed Germans marched into the village, and the officer in command demanded the mayor in the name of his majesty King William to deliver up the culprits; failing which six of the inhabitants were to be selected to be shot. The poor people were in despair; they could not give up the lads, who had made their escape, and of whom they knew nothing, except that they had followed the German troops from another parish, to revenge themselves, possibly for the death of their father or the burning down of their home.

The mayor, the priest, and the chief inhabitants of the village be-

sought the officer to have compassion; but alas, in vain! He was very calm and even courteous, but the six men he must have to be punished for the sake of example. So lots were drawn, and six poor wretches were delivered to the officer, and locked up in the village schoolhouse.

The curé was allowed to visit them and administer the comforts of religion. Five of the men he found in such a state of wild despair that they could scarcely understand or listen to him. The sixth sat alone, apart from the rest; he was a man about forty, a widower with five small children, of whom he was the sole support; he listened patiently at first to the exhortations of the priest, but suddenly broke forth into the most frightful imprecations; cursing, blaspheming, and then wildly sobbing, asking that his children might be put to death with him. "Yes," he said, "I will tell them it was my little Bernard (a child of three years) who fired upon those wretches!"

Finding it impossible to gain his attention, the curé left him and walked slowly to the guardhouse, where he knew he would find the Prussian officer. "Sir," said the good man, "six hostages have been given up to you; in a few hours they will be shot; but not one of them fired on your troops. The real culprits having escaped, your intention is to make an example that will strike terror into the hearts of all who hear it. It matters not to you whether James or John, Peter or Paul are shot, provided you have your number, in fact the better the victims are known in the country the better you will gain your object. I have come to beg the favor of taking the place of one of these men. He is the father of a family who would be left in misery should he die. He and I are both innocent,

but my death will be the most profitable to you."

"It shall be as you wish," replied the officer.

Four soldiers then conducted the curé to the prison, where he was bound and incarcerated, the widowed father of the family was set free; after embracing the curé he went to his home, congratulated by his friends.

All that night the curé ceased not to pray for and with his parishioners who were doomed to die, and God heard him and blessed his efforts; from grumblers and cowards his companions became heroes and martyrs; and as such they were prepared to meet death when, at eleven on the next morning, a detachment of soldiers came to march them to the place of their execution. The curé was at the head of the procession, reciting aloud the prayers for the dying, and all along the road the villagers on their knees cast a last and loving look on him. The victims were nearing the place of execution when a Prussian major with his orderly chanced to pass. Struck with the sight of the priest, he asked for an explanation, which was given him by the captain in command, and the circumstances of the case were deemed worthy of being made known to the general.

Accordingly, the execution was suspended, and the general desired the curé to be brought before him. The interview was short. The general, whose heart was in the right place, understood the priest at once.

"Sir," he said to him, "I cannot make an exception in your favor, and yet I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishioners that for *your sake* they are forgiven."

When the curé was gone, the general said to the officer who witnessed what had taken place: "If all the French had hearts like this simple poor priest, we should not long remain on this side of the Rhine."

NAZARETH.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF OUR LORD.

SOME light-hearted pilgrims were cantering through the gently sloping valleys and olive groves which lead from Samaria to Dothan. They had spent the previous days at Nablous, the ancient Sichem, with its beautiful groves of fruit trees and palms, its narrow bazaars and fanatical population, and curious Samaritan synagogue with its ancient Pentateuch. By the well of Jacob they had read the fourth chapter of St. John the Evangelist, and on the mount Gerizim they had witnessed that mysterious sacrifice, the last vestige of an ancient rite, so admirably described by Dean Stanley, that any account of it could be but a repetition. From thence too they had first caught sight of Hermon, with its dazzling snowy peak, and Tabor and Gilboa, and the lesser hills of Galilee, while the whole of Central Palestine seemed stretched out as in a map at their feet. From Nablous they had ridden to Sebaste (the ancient Samaria), and camped on a high table-land overlooking the surrounding country, close to the ruins of Herod's palace. A multitude of columns still remain to testify to the magnificence of that miserable king. Hard by are the remains of a church, now converted into a mosque, built by the Knights of St. John, whose broken crosses are still to be seen imbedded in the walls. A flight of steps conducts the pilgrim to the prison where St. John the Baptist is said to have been confined, and finally beheaded.

And now the road leads them through fertile pasture-land and past inland basins of rain-water covered with wild fowl, to Jenin, with its beautiful date palms and olive trees and orange groves. But the inhabitants were surly and fanatical. From a cave in the rocks two of them had

pointed their long guns at the cavalcade as they neared the village; but on being pursued by one of the horsemen, armed with a revolver, they rapidly retreated. The travellers rested during the heat of the noonday sun in a parklike ground, with fine trees, by the side of a rushing stream; but their occupation of it was disputed by the inhabitants, and finding that the only eligible spot for pitching the tents had been secured by the servants of the Duke of M——, they resolved to push on a few miles further, and camp at Jezreel. A straight route, four miles in length, leads direct to the city, now in ruins, and to the remains of Ahab's watchtower; that very route by which "Jehu the son of Nimshi" was seen "driving furiously." They found that their dragoman had pitched their tents on the rocky site of what is supposed by tradition to be Naboth's vineyard. But here uncomfortable tidings awaited them. The escort promised by the Sheik of Jenin had failed to make its appearance, being engaged in checking a raid and revolt on the other side of the valley; and a hostile tribe of Bedouins, with their long low black camel-hair tents, were camped in a wooded bottom scarcely half a mile from the halting-place of the travellers. A council of war was held with the Sheik of Jezreel, who agreed to allow twenty or thirty of the principal inhabitants (*moyennant* a handsome "backshish") to act as guards during the night. Every precaution was taken, the tents pitched in a circle, the horses and mules picketed in the centre, and watchfires were lit all round the encampment. The younger portion of the party, heedless of danger and wearied with the heat and the long day's ride, very

soon forgot their alarms in sleep; but their elders watched all night, and well it was that they did so, for at one o'clock in the morning the alarm was given that the Bedouins were upon them. It was only a reconnoitring party, however; and finding the Europeans on the alert, and the native guard valiantly patrolling and shouting out their national war-cries, they wheeled round and rapidly galloped back to their tents. Fearful, however, that they might return in increased numbers, the travellers resolved to leave their insecure camping-ground as early as possible; so that four o'clock of the following morning found them in the saddle on their way to Nazareth. Winding down a steep hill they came upon the great plain of Esdraelon, which is more than twenty miles in extent, and capable of the finest cultivation; but, under the sway of a powerful Bedouin sheik, it is reserved for the pasture-ground of his tribe; and the few peasants, who, armed to the teeth, were ploughing little patches here and there or tending small flocks of sheep, pay a heavy blackmail to the marauder for even this scant courtesy. Shunem, a miserable village, surrounded with a hedge of prickly pear, was quickly passed; but our travellers lingered at Nain, where a rude cross marks the spot on which in ancient times a church was erected by the "gate of the city," where that wonderful miracle of love and tenderness was performed by our divine Lord. A fountain remains, where the Arab girls were filling their pitchers and posing them on their heads with their usual native grace. A burial-ground, still used by the Moslems, is shown to the right of the village, and on this very path must our Lord have met the sorrowful procession as it passed out of the gate. From Nain the travellers came to Endor, with its caves in the rocks, which seem as if they must be unchanged since the time of the witch's residence. Here

a glorious view burst upon them. Tabor, with its low round green top, and its base skirted with dwarf oak, ilexes, and arbutus; high above it, glistening in the sun, rose the conical peak of Hermon, "white as snow," with the Kishon dividing the valley beneath and Carmel forming the barrier to the left, while to the right lay the long low range of Bashan, "beyond Jordan." It is a magnificent panorama, and brings before one the imagery of the Prophets and of the Psalms more strikingly than almost any other part of Palestine.

Quantities of storks were feeding on the green patches in the plain, while here and there eagles and hawks soared above their heads. But one of the ladies of the party was ill; she had been suffering from fever ever since leaving Jerusalem; so, in order to expedite her journey, the guides suggested that the travellers should take a short cut to Nazareth, up a steep and somewhat rugged path, by the Mountain of Precipitation, while the baggage-mules went round the longer way by the plain. In an evil hour this proposal was acceded to, and the ascent begun; but very soon the road became impassable for the horses; in their efforts to scramble up the precipitous rocks the saddle-girths broke, and the travellers were compelled to dismount, greatly to the increasing suffering of their invalid, who fainted repeatedly on the road, and caused them the gravest anxiety. It was with immense thankfulness, therefore, that, on reaching the summit, after two hours of painful exertion, they perceived the white houses of modern Nazareth nestled in a gorge between two hills, and with still greater joy found themselves at the door of the Franciscan convent, where the usual hearty welcome awaited them, and the Duke of M—— gave up his own rooms to afford more comfortable accommodation to the suffering lady. The illness became serious,

and detained the party three weeks, and during the whole of that time the thoughtful care of the monks, and especially of the kind old Spanish doctor and the venerable Padre Guardiano, exceeded belief. The latter literally spent his days in devising little luxuries and alleviations for the invalid. The earliest asparagus, the first strawberries, the brightest flowers, even some scented soap and toilet vinegar, which had been presented to him in bygone days by some enthusiastic lady-pilgrim, were ransacked from his stores for the benefit of the sufferer. When she was well enough to be moved homewards, he arranged a litter for her to enable her to reach the seacoast without fatigue. And this lady was neither of his own country nor of his own creed! Yet pilgrims have been found to say harsh and bitter things against this kind old man and his Franciscan brethren, to complain of and find fault with their hospitality, to grumble at the food, and to throw discredit generally on their order, thereby causing them grievous pain and disgust.

But to return to our travellers. It was the 4th of April—the 25th of March had fallen that year on Good Friday, so that the grand festival of the Incarnation had been remitted to that day. From the earliest dawn, the beautiful Church of the Annunciation, with its high altar, raised on a double flight of steps, and its beautiful shrine below, leading to the house of the Blessed Virgin, had been thronged with kneeling figures. The women were unveiled—for Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is essentially a Christian town. They were all dressed in gay colors and holiday costume, with strings of gold coins round their necks or wound in their dark hair. They covered every inch of the steps leading to the sacred subterranean shrine, where a star marks the spot—“*Hic Verbum caro factum est*”—a broken column suspended from the roof indicates the

place where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling when Gabriel, God's chosen messenger, appeared before her.

Here were spoken those words in which she accepted her sacred mission, and with it her share in the sufferings of the redemption: “*Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*” Words as fruitful as the first “*Fiat*” pronounced by the Creator when, in his omnipotence, he made the world; for, by her humble acquiescence in the divine will, she consented to the conception, by the Holy Spirit, in her immaculate womb, of the Creator himself made man.

Here lived St. Joachim and St. Anne; here St. Joseph; here, in a word, was the home of the Holy Family. Here our Lord, after his return from Egypt, lived thirty years of that sacred hidden life: here “*erat subditus illis*,” living in the profoundest submission to his virgin mother and his supposed father. And this place where the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, what was it but a poor humble home in a quiet village of a land reduced to the condition of a petty province of the great Roman Empire; nay more, even in this land Nazareth had become a byword of contempt and reproach!

High mass was over when the Padre Guardiano came to propose to our travellers to visit the other spots which make Nazareth a place of such deep and thrilling interest to every reader of Gospel history. Their first visit was to the synagogue where our divine Lord, having read in the Book of the Prophet Isaias the words regarding himself, sat down and expounded them to the people, who “wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from his mouth.” This synagogue is now converted into a Greek church, supposed to have been built by Tancred, who was Prince of Galilee during the temporary Christian occupation of the Holy Land. From the syna-

gogue they passed on to St. Joseph's workshop, now a little chapel, rudely furnished, but where mass is daily said by one of the Franciscan Fathers. From thence they walked to the table or rock popularly called "Mensa Christi," where our Lord is said to have dined with his disciples, both before and after the resurrection. It is on the summit of the city, and a tiny chapel has been erected close to the stone. The Padre Guardiano then led the way to the fountain of the Madonna, which is situated at the eastern entrance of the town, and is the only spring of fresh good water existing in Nazareth. Here, by undisputed tradition, the Blessed Virgin daily came during those thirty years. Here, again, must her divine Son have constantly accompanied her. Groups of women now, as then, were filling their pitchers at the fountain; looking like the ancient Bible pictures of our childhood, and dressed precisely as the Blessed Virgin is perpetually represented by the early masters—in red dresses and blue drapery, a white square cloth covering the head. In every walk, at every turn, in the streets, or on the hills, or in those flowery valleys, one seems to realize the presence of both the Mother and the Son. In the beautiful words of a modern traveller, "Nazareth was the nursery of one whose mission was to meet man and man's deepest needs on the platform of commonplace daily life," and every step of that "daily life" becomes ennobled in the thought of him who trod the same path.

Coming home, our travellers visited the convent of "Les Dames de Nazareth," who have a large orphanage admirably managed, not far from the Franciscan convent; and among the children are many sufferers from the terrible Lebanon massacres. The

Superior pointed out one little girl, with dark and earnest eyes, whose mind had never recovered from the shock and horror of that scene. Her father had been murdered while endeavoring to save her; and his brains had been dashed all over her face, which the poor child was continually rubbing, as if to wipe away the horrible remembrance. These nuns were most kind in their offers of service to the sick lady at the hospice, and afterwards volunteered to receive her in their little home at Caiffa, previous to her embarkation. A beautiful benediction, sung by the Sisters and orphans, closed a walk so full of absorbing interest.

The following morning our pilgrims were early in the saddle, and again, under the guidance of the kind Padre Guardiano, were ascending the steep and beautiful path leading to Mount Tabor, which is a ride of about two hours from Nazareth. The hillsides were perfectly pink with delicate linum, the cistus, and other spring flowers. The shape of Tabor is that of a truncated cone, the base being thickly fringed with dwarf oak, ilex, and arbutus. The ascent is difficult and painfully rugged; but the view from the summit repays all the toil. On one side is stretched the great plain of Esdraelon, with the little village of Deborah the Prophetess, which still bears her name, nestled under the great hill; on the other, the village of Cana and the plain of Zabulon, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and the beautiful lake of Tiberias glistening in the sun; while beyond are the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, and the cities of Safed, Bethulia, Naphthalia, and Cæsarea Philippi. The ruins of no less than three fine churches remain on the top of the mountain, one of which has lately been restored by the Greeks. But the Padre Guardiano led our party to the one to which

tradition points as the actual scene of the transfiguration, and there celebrated the holy sacrifice.

The mass over, the party breakfasted under the shadow of the ruins, on a smooth greensward, which formed the flat summit of the mount, and then reluctantly proceeded to leave the sacred spot and descend the hill. Here the Padre Guardiano left them, to return to Nazareth, while the pilgrims continued their road towards Tiberias, resolving to pay a visit on their way to Achill Aga, "the Sheik of sheiks," as he is called, whose black tents were stretched out on the plain at the base of the mountain. This mighty Bedouin chief virtually owns the whole of the surrounding country; and the Porte has found it both politic and necessary to make a treaty with him, so as to insure the safety of the travellers and of the dwellers in the plains. He is a remarkable man, with a frank and pleasing exterior, and has the reputation of being both generous and brave. A kind of native *durbar* was being held when our travellers approached, but Achill Aga rose with stately courtesy, and conducted the ladies to a divan raised at one end of his tent. On a signal from him, cushions, coffee, and other refreshments were noiselessly brought. In the meantime various other sheiks made their appearance, all of whom prostrated themselves on their arrival before Achill Aga, and submissively kissed his hand. One of these chiefs, a man of a singularly cruel and forbidding aspect, was the sheik of the tribes in the plain of Esdraelon, and had six hundred mounted horsemen day and night ready to fulfil his behests. He was at the head of a far more powerful people than Achill Aga, but the moral influence of the latter compelled an outward show of submission.

Coffee and pipes having been discussed, Achill Aga offered to show the ladies his harem, and a black eunuch was summoned to escort them

to a neighboring tent, where a singularly handsome woman, beautifully dressed, and with large pearls round her neck, was waiting to receive her guests. Having no interpreter, however, signs were obliged to take the place of words with the ladies, but it needed no explanation when a black attendant produced a beautiful child, of two or three years old, just woke out of its sleep, at the sight of whom the mother's love shone out unmistakably from the bright eyes of the Bedouin lady. In the meantime a kind of guard of honor had been prepared for our travellers, who amused them by a variety of feats of horsemanship, throwing their long lances, and executing a species of war-dance, as they wheeled and doubled round and round the party, and occasionally rode races with the younger and best mounted of them. The sun was still high in the heavens when the pilgrims found themselves at the base of the Mount of the Beatitudes, after crossing the plain of Zabulon—that plain so fatal as being the theatre of that last disastrous battle which decided the fate of the Christians, and ended the reign of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. The field below the hill is the one in which our Saviour is supposed to have walked and gathered the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, to the scandal of the proud Pharisees. Ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, a Carmelite priest, who was of the company, recited the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, sitting on the stones which mark the ruin of an ancient church built by the Crusaders on this sacred spot. The whole of the Sea of Galilee appeared stretched at their feet, forming, with the violet color of its surrounding mountains, the most beautiful panorama possible. The hill on the opposite side of the plain was pointed out by the guides as the scene of the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; but the pilgrims, being anxious to reach Tiberias before nightfall, gave up the idea of

ascending this also, and followed the winding track which led down a steep and precipitous hill to the sea-shore.

Tiberias is a fortified town, but the walls and forts have been nearly destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, which have, however, spared the church. Rebuilt by Herod Antipas in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, it was once a royal city of great importance, but is now reduced to a few miserable houses, inhabited by a race of fanatical Jews. Our party camped on the sandy shores of the lake beyond the town, not far from the thermal springs and baths supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian. The next morning early one of the party, following a native guide through a cleft in the wall of the city, made her way rapidly through the deserted streets to the little church built in honor of St. Peter, on the very spot where our Divine Lord is said to have given him the keys which were henceforth to bind or loose the whole Christian world. This site has been held in veneration ever since the second century, but the actual church was built by Tancred at the time of the first Crusades. It is in the form of a ship ready for launching, and the waves of the Sea of Galilee beat upon its prow, but have never yet prevailed: fit emblem of the Bark of Peter, which all the powers of hell and of the world have conspired to attack, but failed to overthrow. There is a little hospice attached to the church, occupied by a Franciscan priest and a lay-brother, with a beautiful view from the terrace on the flat roof of the house. But their position is a painful one, surrounded by a singularly fanatical population, mainly consisting of Jews, who in their long dressing-gowns, and with their corkscrew ringlets, scowled at the pilgrims as they passed down their streets. Two beautiful fair boys, with the faces of cherubs, served the mass, but the congrega-

tion was scanty and poor, and fever had decimated the Christian residents. After mass the party again mounted to ride along the shores of the lake, which were fringed with oleanders, pink and white, in the fullest blossom, and with beautiful double and single hollyhocks of different shades. A party of Achill Aga's men, armed to the teeth, accompanied our travellers, singing war-songs, and occasionally galloping furiously forward, as if to attack them, when, suddenly reining in their horses, which were brought down almost on their haunches, they would remain immovable, with their long lances crossed in a point on the ground, in token of respect and courtesy. An escort was very necessary along these shores, for hostile tribes were about, whose raid on the cattle of the unoffending fishermen, Achill Aga's men were about to avenge, and their scouts were seen lurking here and there among the ruins. Passing by Magdala, a small village with nothing remarkable about it save the ruins of an ancient watchtower, our party came, after an hour's ride, to Bethsaida. A ruined mill alone marks the spot so full of interest as the birthplace of St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Philip, and as the spot where St. James and St. John were called by the Saviour, while "mending their nets," to their high place in the Apostolic College.

Another half hour brought them to Capernaum, that city so full of reminiscences of the daily life of our Divine Lord during his three years' ministry, that scene of so many miracles, and yet that city the eyes of whose people were blinded that they saw not, and on which, as on Bethsaida and Chorazin, the woe was emphatically pronounced by the Saviour—that woe so literally fulfilled; for not one stone remains upon the other, and it has been "more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon" than for them. A little further on they came to the place where

the Jordan empties itself into the lake. Close by is a heap of stones, which mark the site of Chorazin, of which all that can be said was said by the guide to our travellers: "*Una volta era qui!*" Above their heads, perched on the side of the mountain, was Safed, the city "set on a hill," which "could not be hid." Every foot of this ground is sacred to the eye of faith, every mountain and stone teems with its sacred imagery. Returning to Tiberias, our travellers felt that their pilgrimage would be incomplete without going on the lake, and so hired a clumsy boat, one of the only two existing, which looked primitive enough to have been there since our Saviour's time, and for which the Jewish proprietor demanded an exorbitant price. The day was lovely, the heat intense. Nothing could equal the stillness of the scene, or the desolation of the shores; but the lake is proverbially treacherous. Only two days before a storm had suddenly overtaken a similar party, who, in this unmanagable tub, were saved with difficulty. A few fishes were caught by the boatmen as they lazily rowed towards the south of the lake, past the ruins of the town of Tarichea and the land of the Gadarenes, to the mouth of the Jordan on the opposite side; and then back again to the town of Tiberias, where the tents were already folded on the baggage-mules in readiness for the return towards Nazareth. The temptation to linger by the lake had overcome the usual prudence of our travellers, and midday only found them half-way to Nazareth, exposed to a burning sun, and with a scanty supply of water to quench their thirst. One of the younger ones, with less endurance than the rest, at last threw himself from his horse, declaring his inability to go any further. But he was compelled to remount, and the whole party galloped as quickly as the road would allow till they reached Cana, and with it the

only spring of good water to be found between Tiberias and Nazareth. A beautiful broken sarcophagus lies by the fountain, where some cows were drinking, whom the weary cavalcade quickly displaced. Their thirst at last quenched, they proceeded to visit the house, or rather court, which was the scene of the first miracle—a building recently purchased by the Marquise de ——. A church was formerly erected on this spot, of which a few broken arches only remain; but some large water-jars were lying in the court, exactly of the shape and size represented by the painters, which completed the picture or "composition of place" in the minds of the pilgrims. From Cana a beautiful ride through a wood of dwarf oaks, arbutus, and myrtle leads to Saffurieh, the ancient Seforis, where are the remains of a fine old Roman castle, and a magnificently decorated church, dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whose native place was Seforis. A steep and rugged road conducts the traveller from Cana to Nazareth, winding up a narrow gorge, where the horses can barely keep their footing on the pointed sloping slabs; but the view from the top, looking down on Nazareth and the plain on the one side, and Cana and Seforis on the other, is unequalled even in that land of beautiful and sacred memories. One more quiet Sunday did our travellers spend in that spot so associated with our Blessed Lord's boyhood and youth; and then the time came for them to leave their kind hosts and pursue their journey to Carmel.

After early mass, one of the travellers crossed the court and entered the convent parlor, where she was to take leave of the Padre Guardiano. She found him carefully packing for her the "*Sacro Bambino*," that waxen image of our Lord's infancy, which, manufactured annually for the grotto of the nativity, remains at Bethlehem during the whole of the solemn

octave in that sacred shrine, and then, with the seal of its authenticity attached, is sent to Nazareth, and from thence, year by year, forwarded to churches in far-off lands. Gratefully does she accept it for a church very dear to her heart in her own land, the beautiful Church of the Oblates of St. Charles, where she received her first teachings of Catholic truth. And then she stood listening to his few parting words of kindness and loving counsel.

"I have nothing of value to give you, my child," said the old man in conclusion; "nothing but this, the breviary given me by the bishop who ordained me in the Tyrol many years ago. See, it has the picture in it of my patron saint, St. Wenceslaus, and of our Franciscan brethren who were martyred in Japan. Take the book and read it, if you can, *daily*, in remembrance of me. You have been so accustomed to say office with us that you will have little difficulty in finding your places. Some day I hope you will be admitted into the third order, and then you know our office will be incumbent on you."

Sorrowfully the lady received his parting gift and blessing, and mounting rode away. As she reached the brow of the hill she looked back, and still saw the brown figure of the kind old monk standing watching her from the convent door. It was the last time she was to see him on earth.

A few months later a malignant fever which broke out at Tiberias carried off the Franciscan priest who served the little church of St. Peter there. The Padre Guardiano instantly set off to replace him till a successor could be appointed. But the same poisonous air rapidly filled his veins. He fell sick the following day, and in less than twenty-four hours the end came. He died alone and unattended, save by a poor Greek priest who came to administer to him the last rites of the Church. Yet surely other ministries waited, unseen, around that dying bed; and the dark river past, those words must have echoed in his ears: "*Euge, serve bone et fidelis; quia in pauca fuisti fidelis supra multa te constituam; intra in gaudium Domini tui.*"

NOW.

ARISE! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hardfought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to bind you
As those of a vain regret—
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find the past.

FRENCH SYSTEM OF RELIEVING THE POOR.

It is a prevalent impression that there is no legal relief for the poor in France, because there is no class answering to that of "paupers," and no workhouses. But although no dingy brick buildings, nor palatial structures, destined for the reception of the indigent, meet the traveller's eye in France, and although there are neither paid overseers, nor surly masters, nor salaried union doctors connected with the administration of aid to the distressed in that country, still there can be no doubt that the poor are there much more tenderly treated, and more efficiently relieved, too, than in England. Amongst us, relief attended with enormous expense is thanklessly received, because it is almost always contemptuously, and but too often brutally, administered; and because here poverty is regarded as a crime to be punished, rather than as a misfortune to be alleviated; whereas in France, the revenue destined to succor those requiring public assistance is dispensed with an economy which permits almost all the receipts to go directly to the purpose for which they are designed, and alms are given in a manner calculated to assuage the humiliated feelings of the recipients; the rule most strongly insisted upon in the official instructions issued to the directors of the "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*" in France being the truly Christian one, "that in the distribution of relief they must always remember that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect, and that one of their most important duties is to succor the unfortunate without causing them a blush."

Before the great Revolution of 1789, the sick, the infirm, the aged, and the destitute were relieved in France by the convents and monasteries, whose ample revenues enabled them to provide liberally for the

necessities of the surrounding poor, and by the public hospitals, which were numerous and richly endowed; but in the first outburst of unbridled license and infidelity which followed that memorable event, religion and everything pertaining to its sustenance was swept away, and public charity ceased when the sources from which its support was derived were directed to other purposes.

In 1793, and the following year, the sufferings of the French people were extreme, and some attempts were then made to establish a system of relieving the poor; but it was only after the Reign of Terror had fairly passed away, and when the national mind was in some measure reassured by the brilliant victories which saved France from invasion, and by a comparative state of internal tranquillity, that the government had sufficient time or power to devote itself to a serious consideration of the means necessary to alleviate the misery of the indigent and afflicted. On the 27th November, 1796, the Directory introduced and succeeded in passing a law which, with unimportant modifications, is that under which public relief to the poor is at this moment administered in France.

The French system of poor relief is entirely and strictly confined to outdoor assistance, save only that portion of it which is administered through the "*hospices*" and hospitals; the former serving as asylums for deserted children, and those whom old age or incurable infirmities may have rendered incapable of earning their bread, and the latter appropriated to the reception of those suffering from acute disease, or accidents which necessitate medical advice and assistance. By the law of 1796 a tax of one penny per ten francs (\$2) was imposed for the benefit of charitable establishments

on all tickets sold for admission to theatres where plays were acted, where balls or concerts were given, or horsemanship performed, and also on the rents of the boxes of such establishments which were let by the season or year. By a decree of 21st August, 1806, there was further appropriated to the same purposes one-fourth of the gross receipts of all balls, concerts, races, exhibitions of fireworks, and all other sorts of entertainments to which the public are admitted by tickets or subscriptions. This last tax was designed to bring within the range of the law the rural communes where there are no theatres, but in which there are annual "ducasses" (parochial fêtes), which generally last for three days, and other reunions or dances of more or less importance. And by a subsequent decree, all lands originally belonging to hospitals, and which had been usurped by the nation, were restored to those institutions, together with a pecuniary indemnity for the misappropriated rents. In addition to the taxes levied on the amusements of the people, the directors of relief are empowered to order collections for the poor to be made in the churches of all religious denominations, to have boxes for the receipt of donations set up in all public places of business or amusement, and, if need be, to make domiciliary quests once a quarter throughout the commune. They have, besides, at their disposal fees on the sale of burial-places, and a certain sum contributed by the municipalities, the amount of which is regulated according to the number of those considered as fitting objects of charity. Independently of the resources already enumerated, and which are placed under the control of the Bureaux, there is always provision made in the Budget of the Minister of the Interior for extraordinary distress beyond the means of local charity. In such cases, this money is applied to the employment

of able-bodied laborers in the suffering districts on public works of national utility. The "hospices" and hospitals are entirely, or in part, supported by the confiscated estates restored to them under the first empire; and when their own resources prove insufficient, the deficiency is made good by grants from the municipalities. The old and infirm inmates are employed in performing any light work required within the house which is not beyond their strength; and for this they receive small gratuities, which they expend on tobacco and snuff, or in procuring for themselves what they term "*petits douceurs*" (little delicacies), in addition to the ordinary diet of the establishment. As regards the deserted children, along with receiving an excellent education the boys are taught trades, and the girls are instructed in every description of embroidery and needlework, and in all the duties of domestic servants. At sixteen years of age they leave, and after being once placed are never permitted to return. These institutions are also governed by committees of five, named by the Préfet, with the "Maire" as official president; the members go out in rotation, as do the members of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," with which, however, they have no connection, as the same persons cannot belong to both bodies. From resources apparently so trifling, and by means of taxes which are almost imperceptible to those who pay them, all persons really entitled to public support receive it, and that class according to the definition of the law, includes those who are thrown out of work by exceptional circumstances, those whose families are too numerous to be supported by the personal earnings of the father, deserted children, and all who, from age or incurable infirmities, are incapable of winning their bread by their labor.

Although the system of relieving the poor is carried out through the

agency of unpaid officials in France, still the acts of those benevolent persons who devote their time gratuitously to provide for the wants of the deserving poor, are as strictly watched over by the constituted authorities as if they were well-paid public servants. The manner in which they discharge their duties is marked and reported upon, and dismissal is the certain consequence of inattention or neglect; a disgrace which is more keenly felt than we, with our ideas on such subjects, can imagine. To be selected to fill any position of social eminence is considered a high honor by every Frenchman or woman; and to the dread of being lessened in the estimation of their neighbors by a removal from it for incapacity or misconduct, must be mainly attributed the admirable manner in which the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* are almost invariably administered. The receiver, on whom the responsibility of all money transactions devolves, is salaried by a percentage; and the *religieuse*, who acts as inspecting and ministering agent, is supported by a very humble allowance from the commune to whose services she devotes her time. Medical men rarely accept a salary, for it is, when granted, so small (never exceeding \$60 per annum) that they prefer acting gratuitously, while their unpaid exertions in favor of the poor naturally recommend them to the notice of the affluent who can afford to pay, and often procure for them the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The only case in which fees are paid by the *Bureaux*, or received by the faculty, is for attendance on accouchements, when the honorarium only amounts to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

By the decree of 1796, "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*," that is, offices where relief is administered to the poor, were established and still exist in every commune of France. The committee intrusted with the management of each consists of five

members, "to be chosen from the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the district;" originally they were elected by the municipal councils, but in 1821 their nomination was transferred to the Minister of the Interior, acting on the recommendation of the *Préfet* of the department. Each year the senior member vacates office, when a list of five persons chosen by the committee itself is submitted to the Minister, from amongst whom one is selected to fill the vacancy. The outgoing members may be re-elected, but special instructions forbid the choice of two persons of the same family. The "*Maire*" of the town or commune is official president in right of his office, and in his absence the first "adjoint," or deputy *Maire*; the committee choosing from amongst themselves a chairman to preside on ordinary occasions, when the authorities may consider it unnecessary to attend. The members of these committees are unpaid, and have no concern with the money matters of the bureau, their duty being to inquire into the claims of all seeking relief, and to determine the amount of assistance to be granted, and the mode in which it should be given. From amongst their own body they select the "*ordonnateurs*," or managers, without whose signature no money can be disbursed by the receiver who is named by the Minister, who also fixes the amount of caution-money which he is to deposit, and the salary which he is to be paid. This caution-money is most frequently lodged in the "*caisse*," or treasury of the "*Mont de Piété*," where it helps to alleviate the distress of the poor by being lent on their pledges at a very reduced rate of interest. There are no pawnbrokers in France, and those "*Monts de Piété*" which supply their place are government institutions managed by paid officers. Not more than three per cent. is usually charged for loans, and in some places it is

even less, the highest rate never exceeds twelve per cent., and only reaches that in localities where the capital is inadequate to supply the wants of the applicants. Any surplus over the expenses of these establishments and the sums required to carry on their operations, is from time to time handed over to the hospitals or *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*, to augment their resources. Those grants, however, are but periodical and rare. By the receiver all moneys are received and disbursements made, and it is his duty to see to the proper collection of the revenue and to enforce its payment from those who may be in arrear. He is also empowered to receive all gifts and legacies, under the sanction of the *Préfet*, when they do not exceed 300 francs (\$60). When above that sum it is necessary to have the Minister's approbation, before obtaining which, all documents connected with the transaction must be forwarded for his inspection. The "*Maire*," as official president, has the right of inspection whenever he may consider it right to exercise it; he then not only satisfies himself that the accounts are rightly kept, but sees that the balance of cash is actually forthcoming and tangible. The salaried inspectors-general of the "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*" appointed by the government have also the same right of inspection, but they never exercise it unless specially called upon to do so by the *Préfet*, *sous-Préfet*, or *Maire* of the commune in which the receiver is supposed to be a defaulter. Each month the committees are obliged to make a report of their receipts and expenditure to the Municipal Councils, besides an annual account of their proceedings, which is furnished every year between the 1st and 15th of April. An honorary secretary, one of their own body, keeps a register of their deliberations and correspondence, and they are authorized to arrange their own times of meeting and to decide

on the number of agents they require to employ, and the duties to be assigned to each. All members of those committees must reside within the district for which they are appointed, and services rendered in the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* are considered "as public services rendered to the state, and as such count as claims for admission to the order of the Legion of Honor." The committees may name as assistants other ladies or gentlemen of the neighborhood to aid them in the distribution of relief, but those latter take no share in their deliberations or decisions, the members nominated by the government alone having the right to grant or reject all applications for assistance. Sisters of some religious institution devoted to the succor of the poor are always attached to each bureau, one of whom visits the dwelling of each applicant, and reports upon his case before a decision is come to by the committee; she then herself dispenses at their homes whatever aid may be accorded to the necessitous. Amongst these sisters there is always one, a regularly educated apothecary, who compounds from their own chest, and administers the medicine ordered by a doctor, without the authority of whose prescription she is forbidden to act. Relief, which is limited as far as possible to food, firing, and clothes, is invariably given at the dwellings of the recipients by means of orders on the different tradesmen with whom the bureau has entered into contracts for the supply of the articles required either for maintenance or clothing, as the rule acted upon is to endeavor to maintain those feelings of affection which ought to subsist between the different members of the same family, and to use the words of the ministerial instructions, "to assist the sick and indigent in their own homes not only effects a great economy, but to that must be added the consolation which fathers and mothers naturally feel at being tended

in their own beds by their own children, or which children must equally experience at having their wants and wishes ministered to by their parents." The government omits no opportunity of impressing on the minds of the members of the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* the grave responsibility of their charge, and of stimulating them to exertion. "The men" (says the instructions) "called to the functions of guardians of the poor will estimate the importance of the ministry confided to their care, and they will omit nothing which can add to the relief of the unfortunate: by their example and good administration they should excite the charity of their fellow-citizens." The members of the *Bureaux* hold their meetings under ordinary circumstances three times a week, in one of the public buildings of the commune, either the "*Mairie*," or "*Palais de Justice*," where such exist, and there the person seeking relief must make his application. If the case be one of extreme urgency measures are immediately taken to afford the necessary succor, if not, a note is made of the applicant's address, and the particulars of his statement. His dwelling is then visited, and his character, antecedents, and present circumstances minutely inquired into by a member of the *Bureaux*, by a *religieuse* attached to the establishment, or by both, if the case be doubtful, before the next day of meeting, and upon their report based on the information received placed either on the temporary or permanent list, or his demand for aid is altogether rejected.

The first duty of the committee is to ascertain that the applicant for relief is domiciled in the commune; the residence of the mother at the time of the child's birth being the place at which the latter is legally entitled to claim public assistance. Up to the age of twenty-one, every French person has a right to relief

without going through any formality whatever; after attaining their majority, they must reside for six months in the commune to acquire the right which they before enjoyed as minors. All persons not born within the commune must reside for twelve months after the date of their inscription on the books of the municipality, before they can claim the right of domicil to entitle them to relief, but they will be considered as preserving their rights in their former domicil until the time necessary to establish them in the new one shall have expired. The municipality may refuse the right of domicil to persons without passports or official certificates to prove that they are not vagabonds. Those who marry, and reside for six months in a commune, have the right of domicil there, and military men (sailors or soldiers) with honorable certificates of having fought in the service of their country have a right to immediate domicil wherever they may choose to settle. Persons seventy years of age or recognized as infirm without hope of recovery, as well as those of any age who in the interval of delay necessary to establish their right to relief, shall be afflicted with illness brought on by the exercise of their occupations, must be received in the nearest hospital, and every person in absolute want must be at once relieved, whether domiciled or not.

We have never seen a statistical account of the number of persons receiving public relief throughout France, but it appears from the Budget of the municipality of Paris that during one year 106,193 individuals seeking aid were inscribed on the books of the different *Mairies*, and that the expense of their support amounted in round numbers to about \$700,000. We have also had access to the statistics of several departmental communes, including towns of considerable importance in the manufacturing districts, for the same

period, all of which exhibit a remarkable similarity to those of Paris, both as regards the numbers relieved and the individual cost. From these statistics, which may fairly be taken as demonstrating the average of pauperism in France (except in the exclusively rural districts, where it is naturally less), it appears that the number of persons generally receiving temporary or permanent relief from the Bureaux varies from 14 to 16 per cent. of the gross population, and that the cost of relief administered to each only amounts to about \$7, indisputable evidence that the vast majority inscribed upon their lists must belong to the former class, and a clear proof that outdoor relief, when it can be strictly administered, is the least burdensome to those who pay for, as well as the most acceptable to those who receive it. It is true, however, that independent of the relief accorded to the poor under sanction of the law, very large sums indeed are dispensed in France through the medium of charitable societies; that of St. Vincent de Paul has hitherto expended about half a million dollars annually, and the "Dames de Charité," established in every considerable town and many of the rural communes, disburse perhaps as much. This latter society consists of the most influential ladies of each locality, who devote themselves especially to the relief of the class termed in their vocabulary "*pauvres honteux*," who need only occasional and temporary relief, but who are too proud to proclaim their poverty by seeking the aid of public charity. The "Dames de Charité" have their regularly constituted Bureaux, con-

sisting of honorary presidents and secretaries, and they are bound under a penalty, always enforced, to attend the meetings held once a fortnight, when special districts are assigned to each of them, with lists of the individuals whom they are required personally to visit.

In most countries the persons who once become public paupers rarely cease to continue so, because they lose all sense of shame under the ordeal to which they are subjected before receiving relief, and are afterwards brutalized by their companionship and treatment in the workhouse. In France, while the wants of the family are supplied without a public exposure, the children are preserved from pollution by being still continued under the care and control of their parents. The able-bodied French poor require and only seek temporary relief, as is evident from the very small sum annually expended (\$7 per head) on the support of all descriptions of paupers; it is well known that they invariably, and of their own free will, decline further aid from the charitable societies so soon as their improved circumstances permit them to dispense with it. And this spirit of decency and desire to maintain themselves by their own hard-won earning, so generally prevalent amongst the distressed poor in France, may, we think justly, be attributed to the fact that there the law under which public charity is granted aims at "succoring the unfortunate without causing them a blush," and that it is administered by men who never cease to remember "that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

FOR more than four years the three names painted on the doorway of No. 9 Old Inn remained unaltered. The house itself was the smallest in the Inn. All the other houses contained six sets of chambers; No. 9—cramped up in a corner—had only three sets. They were each occupied by a single tenant, and their names, as painted on the doorway, were “Mr. Bolt, 2d floor;” “Mr. Hay, 1st floor;” “Mr. Frith, ground floor.”

I was Mr. Hay, of the 1st floor. Mr. Bolt of the 2d floor and I were not on speaking terms. We had frequently met on the stairs and in the passage under our common roof. I knew him very well by sight. He was a tall, thin man, some years younger than I, pleasant-looking, notwithstanding a broken nose and huge red whiskers. He had a noisy, blundering way of moving about; always rushed up the stairs three at a time, kicking and banging his great boots against the woodwork. “That is Bolt!” I used to say, as his footsteps came tumbling up to my floor, and then went tumbling up to his own. I don’t know whether he broke his nose over those stairs before I went to No. 9, but I always expected that he would break it again whenever I heard him return home.

Now Mr. Frith of the ground-floor was different in every way. I knew him equally well by sight; but he and I, likewise, were not on speaking terms. He was short and inclined to be stout. He never seemed in a hurry. He never made a noise, except on his piano, and even the tone of that was soft and subdued like himself.

So we three—the noisy gentleman on the 2d floor, the musical gentleman on the ground-floor, and myself—I don’t know what the other two called me, probably the gentle-

man with the dog—lived for four years in the same house, and yet were strangers to one another. It seemed part of one’s daily life constantly to see Mr. Frith, or to hear Mr. Bolt come tumbling up the stairs; part of one’s daily care to prevent becoming acquainted with either; part of the pleasure of one’s vacation to get away from them, as it was to get away from the bundles of law papers and clients’ letters.

So last autumn, when I went to Switzerland, I endured the sea-passage; bore patiently the sleepless night journeys by rail, and the hot morning drive by diligence, cheered by the thought that I was adding mile after mile to the distance between me and Old Inn and everything connected with it. And all for what? For the very first person I meet at Chamouni to be Mr. Frith in tweeds, instead of Mr. Frith in broadcloth. He was standing just inside the *salle-à-manger*, looking for a seat at the long table, at which the diners were already assembled.

As I enter he turns round, and we look at one another defiantly, with a sort of “Well! I have as much right here as you,” and then face to the right and left respectively. He goes down one-half of the table and I go up the other, hoping to put the whole length of it between us. There is no vacant seat on that side, so I walk round the end to the other side, and, to my disgust, see that he has done the same. We face each other again, are obliged by necessity to converge towards the same point, and finally seat ourselves near the centre of the table, with only a little Frenchman between us.

The first two courses we eat in silence, either staring at our plates or at the wall before us. Pending the third course the Frenchman turns to Mr. Frith, but that gentleman, not

wishing to look my way, tries hard to escape the proffered conversation. The Frenchman, however, who speaks English very well, has no intention of being shaken off, and common courtesy forces Mr. Frith to answer.

"Do you come from London?" again begins the little tormentor as soon as the dessert commences.

"Yes."

"Ah! it is a fine city, that London. I know it well. From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Indeed! Do you know a Mr. Smith at Old Inn?"

"No."

"No! At what number in Old Inn do you live?"

"Nine."

"Nine!" echoes the little gentleman; "and Mr. Smith lives at No. 10, and you do not know him?"

"No."

Not overpleased, the Frenchman turns to me, and Mr. Frith, very much pleased, turns away from us both.

"And are you from London, too?" he begins, as though I had taken a part in the previous conversation.

Mr. Frith's back being towards us, I don't mind answering the little fellow, seeing that he doesn't care whether I come from London or Timbuctoo, but that it is simply impossible for him to eat his dinner in silence. So I say, "Yes, I come from London. All Englishmen seem to live in London, don't they?"

"Oh! but it is such a large city! From what part of London do you come?"

"Old Inn."

"Again Old Inn," he says, with a smile. "Perhaps you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"I only know him by sight," I answer; and then, for the fun of increasing the little gentleman's astonishment, I add, "I live at No. 9."

The words are hardly spoken when the Frenchman, with true politeness,

pushes back his chair. "Then you and this gentleman," touching Mr. Frith's arm, "are travelling together, and I have separated you and prevented your talking. I am sorry. Will you take my seat and be next your friend?"

He is just rising for us to exchange chairs, when I put my hand upon his shoulder and whisper, "Thank you. I thank you. No. I do not know that gentleman."

The little fellow nods as if he understood, and then says, also speaking in a whisper, "You have quarrelled then? I beg your pardon if I have been disagreeable to you."

"Oh! not at all. We have never spoken to each other."

"What!" he cries, forgetting now to speak in an undertone; "you two live in the same house and you do not know one another! Ah, well!" putting a hand on our arms and smiling at both of us, "you will know one another now, and be great friends for the future."

There is no help for it. "I shall have great pleasure," says Mr. Frith, with a freezing bow. And I bow likewise and in a like manner, but say nothing.

Then follows a pause, during which the diners begin to leave the table; so we three rise and stand by our chairs, still with the Frenchman in the middle.

"Come!" he says, presently, and suddenly laughing; "you two have been making fun of me. Is it not so? You are friends travelling together."

Mr. Frith immediately denies this statement, and, having done so, walks away to a window, which looks out upon Mont Blanc. After what has passed, I feel that the one who first leaves the room will be obliged to make some remark, or do some little act of courtesy to the other; and to avoid the burden of doing this being thrown upon me, I go into the recess of the window next Mr. Frith's, and likewise stare

at Mont Blanc. The Frenchman wishes us both good-evening, and takes himself off.

The next minute I hear his voice again. He and somebody else have come into collision in the passage, whereupon follows a mutual asking of pardons, and he enters the room again. His companion is hidden by the screen near the door, but I hear the little fellow say, still speaking in English,

"Ah, Monsieur! you are just too late. The diligence from Genève was behind time, I suppose? You have ordered dinner, of course? Yes. Come and look at Mont Blanc. The moonlight is on it."

From my window I hear their footsteps approaching me,—the tripping, light step of the one, and the heavy, slouching tread of the other. As I listen to the latter a cold chill comes over me. We distinguish footsteps after a time as we learn to know voices. I have a strong misgiving that I know that tread, but I listen in suspense without looking round.

"Yes, it is very grand," says a voice at my elbow, referring to Mont Blanc, which towers before us clear and distinct in the bright moonlight.

Oh, that voice! It realizes my worst fears. How often had I heard it calling from the second floor at No. 9 Old Inn. I feel disposed to rush out of the room, but remembering Mr. Frith at the next window, wait to see what comes of Mr. Bolt's arrival.

"Very grand," he continues. "We don't have sights like that in London. Do you know London?"

"Gently, gently, Mr. Bolt! for your own sake," I murmur. "If you could only know the trap you are falling into."

"O yes! I know London," replies the Frenchman, promptly. "What part of London do you come from?"

"Old Inn."

"Old Inn!" echoes the other, in a tone of surprise. "Do you know Mr. Smith at No. 10?"

"N—o. That is to say, I know the name. He lives next door to me."

"You live, then, at No.—?"

"No. 9," plumps out Mr. Bolt.

"Then you expect to meet a friend here," says the Frenchman, looking for Mr. Frith, seeing that Mr. Bolt does not seem to recognize my back.

"No, I don't expect to meet a friend."

"Then you will meet one; you will meet two. Look, here is one. And you were close to him, and yet you did not know him."

As I turn round in obedience to the Frenchman's pull, Mr. Bolt does know me, but not as a friend, for he looks as if he would like to punch my head for being there.

"No; I haven't the pleasure of knowing this gentleman," he says, putting on a sickly smile.

"What!" cries the other. "Ah! Then that is the friend you will meet," pointing to Mr. Frith, who at that moment unwittingly comes out of the recess of his window.

"No; I haven't the pleasure of knowing him either."

For a minute the Frenchman does not seem to understand. "But you all live in the same house," he then says slowly.

"O yes," replies Mr. Bolt, who begins to see the fun, and seems rather to enjoy it, "all lived there, I believe, for more than four years."

"And you are all strangers?"

"Perfect strangers," again replies Mr. Bolt.

"Well, I should not have thought it possible, even in England," says the little fellow so seriously that we all smile. He looks first at one and then at another, and finally rushes off to tell his friends of the three curiosities that he has discovered.

Our smiles vanish with his pres-

ence, and the moment he is gone our black looks return. Mr. Bolt goes off to the third window; Mr. Frith returns to his recess; I remain in mine; so we all stand and stare at Mont Blanc.

"Very fine," says Mr. Frith, being obliged to pass me in leaving the room, and feeling that he ought to say something.

"Very fine," I answer; and so exits the "ground-floor."

"Looks very beautiful in the moonlight," I suggest to Mr. Bolt, as I follow Mr. Frith's example.

"Very beautiful," he answers, but does not leave his window as long as I remain in the room, though his dinner is on the table and the garçon waiting to remove the cover. Then I go, and, after that, we meet no more that night.

The next morning I am not as careful of my landlord's feelings, perhaps, as I might be. I hardly proffer an excuse for leaving, but leave I do, and take up my quarters in another hotel. That settled, I go to the post-office, thence to the Bureau des Guides, and on my way thither, after a good deal of considering this and looking at that, decide upon the excursion for that day. I choose the one to "Le Jardin," arguing that it was too late for Mr. Frith, and that Mr. Bolt, who evidently visited Chamouni before, was not likely to do that excursion on his first day. Pretty confident, therefore, that I should not be troubled with either of them, I hire a guide and start at once to make up for lost time.

"Pity I didn't start an hour ago."

"Why?" I say to Pierre—Pierre being my guide—as we go up the zigzags of the Montanvert.

"Because Jacques went with another English gentleman, and it would have been company for us," answers Pierre.

I express myself quite satisfied with the companionship I have, and Pierre, of course, swears that he was

thinking of me only and not of himself. When we reach the glacier we see the gentleman of whom he spoke, but he is too far ahead for me to distinguish him.

Feeling sure, however, that he is neither Mr. Frith nor Mr. Bolt, I don't bother my head about him. As we go along Pierre tells me a long story about some of his comrades. He speaks villanous *patois*, and has a confused way of telling his story; and so, though I do my best to be enlightened, I am never certain whether I am supposed to be Jean or Alphonse; in fact, I can't make out whether Jean and Alphonse are two distinct men, or the two names of the same man. Jean falls down a crevasse; I understand that; but then it is Alphonse who is afterwards pulled up, so I get hopelessly muddled again. And, moreover, I can't sufficiently realize that I am either of them, for, as we near "Le Jardin," my own legs keep cruelly reminding me that I am Alfred Hay and nobody else; and I find myself panting in a way that either Jean or Alphonse would be ashamed of doing.

"Ah, voilà Jacques!" exclaims Pierre, as we step on to the grass at our journey's end, pointing to his comrade, who rises from the side of the stream over which he was stooping. I look round for the Englishman, but he is not visible. Jacques, when he comes to us, points to a great boulder of rock behind which, he says, the other is lying, rather knocked up by the walk. And there, sure enough, I see part of a pair of legs so protruding beyond the boulder as to indicate that their owner is on the broad of his back. While I am looking at them they begin to move with a wriggling sort of motion, and the next minute Mr. Frith's face appears, cautiously peeping beyond the rock. Completely taken by surprise, and not having time to turn away, I stare vacantly at the sky over his head; but I see, nevertheless, his face disappear again very quickly,

and his legs wriggle nearly out of sight.

"Hang him!" only I say something stronger; and he, doubtless, from behind his boulder, returns the compliment. "What on earth made him come up here?" I mutter, feeling a strong temptation to send a big stone by my side at his boots.

They prevent me admiring the view; they prevent me enjoying my luncheon; they make me wish that he and they were at the bottom of the deepest crevasse in Switzerland. And, worse still, when Jacques, coming to my side, expresses his pleasure at seeing me, because I can help "Monsieur là" back to Chamouni. "Not I. I'll see 'Monsieur là' frozen to death before I will help him." And to avoid being called upon to assist him in any way, I tell Pierre that I am in a hurry to get back, and hint that we had better start at once. To this he answers, "Here are two others coming." It has nothing to do with my getting back, but, nevertheless, I ask where the others are.

"There!" And both he and Jacques point out the direction. I can't see the newcomers at first, and, when I do, I lose them again immediately afterwards. They are much nearer the next time they appear; near enough for me to discern that one of them is tall and thin, and, though he is walking quickly, has an awkward clumsy step. That is quite enough. I am certain who he is; but after finding Mr. Frith at "Le Jardin," I am not surprised. I take it quite philosophically at first. Then I try to look at our all meeting again in its ludicrous light, but here I miserably fail and get angry. I lean back in disgust and pull my hat over my face; and the rest of my grumbling is confided to the lining.

In due course of time Mr. Bolt reaches "Le Jardin." The guide, after handing him the haversack and receiving back his portion of the

luncheon, joins the other two. Mr. Bolt scrutinizes my corpus; again fails to recognize me, but suspects me to be English, so he keeps his distance. Peeping under my hat, I see Pierre and Jacques presently compare watches and then rise. The latter, however, moves away alone and goes to the boulder. At his first words the odious boots disappear entirely, but he begins to remonstrate, shows his watch, points to the sun, and after a little while bends forward to help Mr. Frith to rise.

That gentleman then emerges from behind his friendly rock, shaking his legs and settling his coat, and, without looking my way, tries to bustle off as if he didn't know I was there. Not so Jacques. He speaks to Pierre, who comes to my side, and Jacques lingers, seeing that I do not rise. Meanwhile Mr. Frith, by his crablike movement, nearly tumbles over Mr. Bolt, without seeing him. "Halloa," cries the latter, "you here!" Whereupon Mr. Frith turns round and stares, with open eyes and mouth, seeing Mr. Bolt when he expected to see me.

"I had not an idea you were here," he says, emphasizing the "you," and so criminating himself. "Fine scene, isn't it?" He then makes a second attempt to be off, but Jacques still lingers.

Pierre all this time has been nudging me in the side, and now, shaking me gently, says, quite loudly, that the other gentleman is going. Being unable to feign sleep any longer under such treatment, I remove my hat and sit up, and see that Mr. Bolt is looking at me. "By Jove! No. 9 in force," laughs that gentleman, pointing at me and then at Mr. Frith, who thereupon pretends to see me for the first time.

"Mr. Hay, too," he says, in feigned surprise. "Dear me, have you been here long?" asking this in the most innocent tone.

"Why, nearly an hour," I answer,

as if it was the strangest thing in the world that we should have been so near one another for so long and not have found it out.

The next minute we are all standing together, no one knowing how to get away first or how to stop behind. But Pierre puts an end to any manœuvring by saying that if we wish to get to Chamouni in time for the table d'hôte, we must start at once. We can't say that we don't wish to be there in time for the table d'hôte, so we look helplessly at one another as the three guides start off together; and then we three follow, also together, but in silence.

Mr. Bolt is the first to speak. "It seems," he says, "that we are not to be separated." Well! fate is fate; and as we have, likewise, a walk of about five hours before us, it is nonsense to be snappish and surly. There isn't much conversation at first, just a remark about the scenery or a word about climbing; but it creeps on little by little. We begin to talk more freely and to say what we think. We avoid speaking about No. 9, or anything connected with it, for some time, till Mr. Bolt asks me why I didn't bring my dog. He claims an acquaintance with it, that I was not aware of; and that makes me think better of him directly. We pass "*Les Egralets*," but not without Mr. Bolt nearly killing himself, and get well upon the glacier. The crevasses are nothing, and we walk abreast. I begin to think, as we go along, that Mr. Frith is not a bad fellow, and that there is a good deal of fun, after all, in Mr. Bolt. I find their conversation more pleasant than the guide's, with his interminable story about Jean and Alphonse. We actually get to laugh about the little Frenchman and about our all meeting, and, somehow, speak about the latter as if it were a fortunate occurrence. I begin to wish that I hadn't changed my hotel, and, while I am thinking

about it, Mr. Frith asks if I didn't think the — very full last night.

"Yes, and too much dress. One doesn't care for that sort of thing here, you know."

"No, you don't. In fact, I changed this morning to the —," naming one equally good, but quieter, and more frequented by regular pedestrians.

"You went there! As Mr. Bolt says, 'we are not to be separated.' I changed there this morning too."

"Simply because the other was too crowded!" he says, with a smile.

"That's the only reason why you left it, I suppose?" I answer.

Then we both laugh, but promise, nevertheless, to look out for one another at the table d'hôte.

"And I shall be left alone with the Frenchman," says Mr. Bolt, with mock seriousness.

"No, come and dine with us," replies Mr. Frith.

"And bring the Frenchman," I add. "Then we can have a rubber afterwards. He will be sure to play."

When the time for the rubber comes, we find that he does play, and a first-rate hand into the bargain. Before he leaves us he makes a little speech. We are in a room by ourselves, so he stands up and drinks our health, and then says that it is the happiest day in his life, for he has made us friends forever.

We cannot persuade him to join us on our next day's excursion, for which the three of us start together instead of meeting half-way. That excursion is followed by another, and that by another, and so on, for a fortnight, till we reach Aosta, and are there forced to part.

Since then we have all met again at No. 9. But the three names are no longer the same on the doorway. Mr. Frith's alone remains. Mr. Bolt and I, however, often go there, and it was only the other night that we were making arrangements for starting on our next trip together.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE controversy upon the subject of eternal punishment is participated in by all classes. What do you think about hell? is a query heard in drawing-rooms, and the word does not seem to produce its former wilting effect upon ears polite. There is a dim, half hopeful feeling that after all the famous Protestant divines who have taken up the cudgel against Satan may vanquish him, but to our thinking it is better to take the view of St. Bernardine of Sienna, who replied to some unbelieving companion that rallied him upon the disappointment which the virtuous would feel in the absence of a heaven and hell: "If there is no heaven I shall be safe, but if there is a hell, can you have the like security? It is better in doubt to take the safe side."

The faith of the Church upon the subject and the earliest Christian tradition are clear upon the question of an unending state of future punishment. Origen, in the first age of the Church, fell into the error of the ultimate salvation of the demons and the damned, but he was immediately and unqualifiedly condemned. His error resulted from his predilection to Platonic philosophy and the doctrine of the metempsychosis. We do not doubt that he remained contumacious in his heresy. The Church has not defined aught upon the nature or quality of the punishment endured, though she is definite with regard to duration. Of course, theologians have speculated much upon the theme, and nearly all hold to the materiality of the fire which torments the lost. St. Thomas has written very fully upon the subject, and gives the teaching of the Scholastic schools. There is a regular gradation of pain meted out, with the strictest regard to justice. The principal woe is of course the loss of the Beatific Vision, and yet who knows that hell may not have some redeeming qualities? With the Church, however, we should pray: "*Ab æterna damnatione, eripiat nos Deus.*"

WE hope our readers will not suppose that our reflections upon the other world have led us to speak of Victor Emanuele. In the obituary notices of him there is a singular lack of hearty praise. Even the Masonic papers are chary with their laurels. His bad life was vulgarly open. That "chivalry" which, according to Edmund Burke, takes away half the evil of vices by taking away their grossness, did not lend its enchanting grace to the late king, although his flatterers styled him the *Re Galantuomo*. He flaunted his amours in the glare of day,

and without the slightest regard for the feelings of his wife and children. Like George the Second, who consoled his dying wife with whimpering out, "*J'aurai des maîtresses,*" and whose Dutch mistresses stolidly faced the Queen, the royal family, and the whole court, Victor Emanuel did not even regard the ordinary laws of reserve and concealment required by a decent respect for the opinions of society. Such an example upon the throne was deplorably scandalous, and in the middle ages would have brought down upon his head the sharp censure of the Vatican. But the relations of Pope and King were changed.

The dying declaration of the monarch showed "a will most adverse to heaven." In the gathering darkness of eternity he declared that he had done nothing that he regretted; that he was the friend of religion, etc. This was to falsify the declarations of the Holy Father. We are willing to make every allowance for the King, if, as some contend, he was a weak tool in the hands of powers and elements that he could not control. But was he so helplessly swayed? He did not look like a weak or vacillating man, and his talents were of no mean order. He was brave to a fault, and certainly knew how to take care of his crown. To represent him as a sort of automatic sovereign under the influence of Garibaldi and the Revolution, is to contradict what we know of his force of personal character and general reign. At all events he is judged as a principal party in what history will ever regard as the basest spoliation and meanest violation of international law that modern times present, not even excepting the dismemberment of Poland.

He realized the dream of free and united Italy, the free church in a free state of Cavour, and that fervid Italian temperament which had so long desired the happy consummation was satisfied at last. But in that dream Rome, too, could have been seen as the crowning grace of the vision. Rome, Catholic and Papal, harmonizing and directing the kingdom, or at least introducing no discordant elements therein. Why seek to remove the chair of St. Peter to make room for the Italian throne, when in all ages it was possible for Cæsar to rule, yet God have his own? There was no truer son of Italy than Pius IX, no more liberal and enlightened ruler, nor one who would more willingly make the greatest sacrifices to promote her glory and her prosperity. In fact he was too trusting, too indulgent to his children. The liberal constitutions which he

granted were turned into occasions for rebellion and revolution, and despite the peans of joy which Italians sing, it is a well-known fact that their boasted liberty and unity exist mainly in name.

It is with the gravest apprehensions that the policy of the present Italian King, Humbert the First, is awaited. Known to be hand and glove with revolutionary leaders, filled with the bombastic notions of a second Liberator, and almost openly infidel, he no doubt will attempt to signalize his reign by the expulsion of the Pope. His zealous hatred of the Church, however, may be tempered with diplomatic caution, but as a cheap and, unfortunately, loud-resounding, fame may be gained by an active crusade against the Vatican, we fear that he will not be able to resist the temptation of obtaining a complete victory over the Church. *Principes convenerunt in unum. Dominus autem irredebit eos.*

IN the statistics of the Church for 1877 we notice a gratifying increase in nearly all the departments of religious activity and life. The increase in parish schools is about thirty-four per cent., a striking evidence of the importance and interest which Catholics take in the religious training of their children. When we reflect upon the comparative poverty of the Church this tells a tale of self-sacrifice which should put to shame our enemies who speak of the ignorance of Catholics, and their "opposition to popular education."

In fact, we do not hesitate to declare that the Catholic religion, which is a liberal education in itself, inspires its professors with a love for learning, particularly of a theological sort. There are very few Catholics who have not an intelligent idea of their religion, which fact certainly implies a wide range of reading and reflection. They generally know the history of the Church, and are sure to be familiar with the great points of difference between themselves and Protestants. A Catholic generally knows Protestantism better than its own members, and he rarely has those violent prejudices and opinions about it that characterize *their* views of Catholicity.

Dr. Marshall, in *Clerical Friends*, speaks of the politeness and intelligence which seem to be produced by thorough Catholic piety and faith. A like remark may apply to their influence upon intellectual character. He who knows his religion well has exercised all the powers of his mind. His imagination is purified and developed, and his intellect exercised upon the noblest subject of thought. We should suppose that Catholic education, even in a didactic sense, is better fitted for schooling and training the

intellectual powers than any system of merely secular instruction. If theology is the queen of the sciences, the Catechism is the royal book of learning.

Dr. Becker, of Wilmington, advocates a great Catholic university, and we certainly regard his plan as feasible. The obligation of being educated is a moral more so than a civil obligation. We are bound to know God; a knowledge which is the most comprehensive in the world. There is a necessity for educated men, whose duties in society and in civil life are manifold and important. George William Curtis, in his lecture on the Political Duties of Educated Men, has many suggestive thoughts which strike us as possible of realization only in hands trained in the great school of Catholic doctrine and morals. But if we cannot have Bishop Becker's university for awhile yet, we can have plenty of parish schools. Let us keep these nurseries of learning, well attended, and the university will be sure to come.

It is hard to think that so much talent goes to waste. How few Catholic parents can afford to give their children a first-class education. The boys must go to work, in order to help the old folks along. Just when the intellect is putting forth its first mature efforts, the boy must leave school for the factory or shop. We may touch upon this subject at some future time.

WE have to record another of those terrible and heartrending marine disasters which have become so common of late. On Thursday, January 31st, the steamship Metropolis, of New York, from Philadelphia, bound to Brazil, was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina, in the terrible gale that swept the coast on that stormy night, and upwards of one hundred lives lost out of a total list of two hundred and forty-nine passengers. The cause of the disaster has not been definitely ascertained as yet, nor the responsibility fixed upon any particular persons, though the facts so far come to light would seem to inculcate first the owners of the steamer, who knowing her unseaworthiness, yet permitted her to be heavily laden with a cargo of iron, requiring the stanchest ship to carry; secondly, the government officials, whose duty it was to inspect her and pass upon her seaworthiness; and thirdly, the life-saving service, which proved so entirely inefficient at the time she struck, rendering no assistance whatever to those struggling on the wreck, many of whom might have been brought ashore had any aid been offered them. Whether any measure of responsibility should attach to the Messrs. Collins, the contractors for the new Brazilian

Railroad, along the Madera, in whose interest the Metropolis had been chartered, or to their ship-brokers, cannot be known until a thorough investigation is made. It is but just to the Messrs. Collins, however, to say that the evidence so far seems to entirely exonerate them from any responsibility for the disaster, as they appear to have taken every reasonable precaution to insure the safety of the steamer and secure the comfort of all on board.

The passengers on the ill-fated Metropolis were composed almost entirely of poor laboring men, who had been engaged to work on the new railroad. Most of these men were driven by their necessities to separate from family and friends to seek a livelihood in a distant land, and many of them who were lost leave behind them widowed families, who not only deserve our warmest sympathy in their sad bereavement, but who have also the strongest claims upon our practical charity. We trust that the movement begun in Philadelphia for raising funds for the relief of the survivors of this terrible disaster, and for the alleviation of the distress that will fall so heavily on the families of those who perished, will be seconded and heartily encouraged by the charitable everywhere.

THE great Russo-Turco war is at last over, the conditions of peace having been formally signed on the part of the two belligerents, on Thursday, January 31st, at which time hostilities at once ceased. The terms of the Protocol are : *First.* The erection of Bulgaria into a principality. *Second.* A war indemnity or territory in compensation. *Third.* The independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each. *Fourth.* Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina. *Fifth.* An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and Czar regarding the Dardanelles. *Sixth.* The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzerum.

The exaction of these conditions by Russia and their acceptance by Turkey by no means consummates the agreement. Other interests may be concerned, and will have to be consulted before they can go into permanent effect.

Count Andrassy has already proposed a conference of the Powers, which has been accepted and will be held at Vienna.

At this conference the whole question of the effect of the late war upon European politics will be discussed, and the ratification, modification, or rejection of Russia's demands will be determined upon according to the varied interests to be reconciled.

No matter what the terms of the protocol may ultimately be, however, it is a matter of

great joy that the conflict has ended, and that the terrible carnage of the past nine months has at last ceased.

THERE have been a great many statements, and not a little speculation concerning the exact circumstances under which Victor Emanuel gave up the ghost. We are inclined, however, to discredit all these stories, and to agree with the *London Tablet* that exactly what was done or said on that occasion will never be known.

That he did make some declaration concerning his attachment toward the Church and the Holy See, and that he died expressing sorrow for the wrongs he had committed we have reason to hold for certain. At the same time the *Fanfulla*, supposed to be in the confidence of the Italian court, gives the following version of it. According to this authority the King said : "I die a Catholic. I have always had the greatest affection and respect for the person of His Holiness. If, in some of my acts, I have personally given pain to the Holy Father, I declare that I regret it; but in all that I have done I am convinced that I have always performed my duties as a citizen and a prince, and have done nothing against the religion of my ancestors." Whether this was really all that the King said we do not know; we think it very likely that this is a correct account of it; but in any case it is perfectly certain that no more complete retraction would ever have been allowed to appear.

RT. REV. GEORGE CONROY, D.D., the apostolic delegate to Canada, who is now visiting our country, has been the recipient of many social compliments since his advent amongst us; but not the least touching was that recently tendered him in New York by the many priests throughout the country who were formerly students under him at All Hallow's College, Dublin.

An address was read to him by Rev. Father Hogan, of the diocese of Newark, which was signed by the Rev. Patrick Corrigan, of Newark, Chairman, and thirty-three priests from all parts of the Union.

Accompanying the address was an offering of \$1100, and a handsome album containing the photographs of his former students, now priests in this country.

It is a gratifying sign of the times when we are able to record that even in Scotland the Church is making rapid headway. From an English non-Catholic paper we learn that in June, 1876, there were 228 Catholic chapels in Scotland, 248 priests who had under their spiritual care over 320,000 souls. The Episcopalian Church, in contrast with this, can only muster 73,100 worshippers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SADLIER'S ALMANAC AND ORDER, for 1877.
Sadlier.

This standard publication is at hand with the gratifying evidences of the continued prosperity and increase of our Holy Church. It is very easy to carp at an occasional mistake in some local matter of an almanac; but we believe that, taken all in all, Sadlier's Almanac is as free from errors as most Church almanacs. Nor can any errors be attributed altogether to editorial oversight, especially in view of the fact that most of the Diocesan reports are official.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S MANUAL;
or, the art of Teaching Catechism, for the use of teachers and parents. By A. A. Lamburg. Cincinnati: Benziger Bros. 1877.

We cordially recommend this little book to the careful perusal of all engaged in the teaching of the Christian doctrine. The teacher, it may be said, is born, not made, as the experience of many a Sunday-school attests. With all the earnestness and piety possessed by many of our Sunday-school teachers, there is quite a pardonable lack of didactic experience which this little book will suggest. The chapters on the correct idea of teaching Catechism, the necessity of explanation, and the art of questioning will abundantly repay careful perusal. The book should be in every Catholic school library in the country.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. A Textbook for Colleges, and for the General Reader. By Joseph Le Conte. New York: D. Appleton. 1878.

Geology has not developed into exact science, notwithstanding the enthusiasm and fascination which its study produced. There is something so alluring in the idea of progressive ages, of prolonged development, and massive processes of creative action, especially when scientific observation seems to warrant boundless flights of imagination, that the wonder is geologists can hold themselves within any limit at all. Yet we have no hesitation in asserting that from year to year its researches have become more and more confused, and its conclusions farther and farther from the exactions of science. Cuvier's elaborate system is entirely disregarded, and Sir Charles Lyell is convicted of mistakes in calculation amounting to mil-

lions of years. We confess our fondness for reading books on geology, evolution, etc., much as we are fond of George Eliot's novels. They are at once satisfying to our sense of reality, and yet vaguely romantic and interesting. The only objection which we have to this book is its attempt to bring in geology to the aid of Darwinism—a theory which we submit to any student of geology is absurd in the extreme. We can study our rocks without having the irrepressible ape to confuse our division of the periods. Professor Le Conte puts our unfortunate race through every period, from the glacial to the bronze, but we are left in a delightfully hazy idea as to our antiquity. The book is well printed and admirably illustrated.

NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM. By Joseph Cook. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

The literary outcome from the New England transcendentalists is as remarkable in its way as anything that Carlyle or Lewes in England produced. It resulted principally in the exquisite literary finish which was the mark of all its essays. Nothing can exceed the strange and beautiful monodies of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. The weird and fanciful reveries of German transcendentalism, which strike the reader as so outré in Carlyle, come to us all interfused and transfigured through the poetic mind of the American poet-prosaists. That yearning for the ideal, that strange intellectual crisis which Goethe sought to embody in *Die Lieder Von Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister* lost the harshness of the original German treatment in the hands of the New England writers, principally J. Russell Lowell and Emerson. Transcendentalism was the beautiful but immature offspring.

Rev. J. Cook, in his onslaught upon it, has awakened regret at its unsubstantial growth. All the dreams of our youth are precious to us, if only as dreams. Emerson has become more robust, and the cold, calm atmosphere of exact science has completely disillusioned our hero-worship, our fondness for nature, and our generally absurd theories of reform. But, as Wordsworth says, "the light that never was on sea or land" still throws a transient gleam, and whilst we feel obliged to Mr. Cook for pointing out absurdities, we confess to a thorough sympathy with Dickens's Sissy Jupe, who hated Mr. Gradgrind and his "hard facts."

